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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEAST ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Price 10 Cents.



FAIR GLOBE KICKERS.

NEW PASTIME INDULGED IN BY THE DAINTY AND AGILE YOUNG WOMEN OF ST. LOUIS, MO.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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SOME folks get fat on champagne. Among those who don't is the chorus girl who lost her voice and reason on account of the combination of wine and cigarettes. She wasn't used to it. Beer was her limit.

THE crime of the Illinois woman who was caught by her husband in the arms of a negro is about as fine a specimen of human depravity as has been discovered in some time. No wonder she wanted to kill herself.

THERE are some nice young men down in Kentucky, and they have original ideas. When they kill they do it artistically. The three who killed Carrie Jordan on Upper Blaine Creek, recently, crucified her. But wait until the posse catches up with them, and see what happens.

DO you know anything about sailing a yacht, rowing a boat or riding a wheel? No! Then keep clear of your friends or you will be a miserable man. Rowing, yachting and wheeling are the only subjects discussed now, and if you are not up in them your life will be anything but happy.

AFTER Cornell's inglorious defeat and the probability that the visiting athletes from Great Britain will "wallop the tar" out of their Yankee contemporaries when they meet in September, it looks pretty much as if the Eagle would have to depend upon the Defender to justify a scream or two.

HERE is a tip for youngsters below the legal age who would like to get married: Get a tugboat captain to take you fifteen miles out at sea, and then he can play parson and make a double bow knot as easily as he can turn the wheel. It's quite fashionable in San Francisco, but the lovers will take all the romance out of it by getting seasick.

YOU will want next week's POLICE GAZETTE. For the simple reason that with every copy sold there will be a colored supplement entitled "The Twentieth Century Barmaid." There could be a lot said about this supplement, but it isn't necessary. All that you will want to know now is that the work has received the best treatment possible from designer and printer, and that it will be worth as fine a frame as you can put around it.

MASKS AND FACES.

**Cigarettes and Champagne Robbed
Lizzie Rietz of Her Voice.**

SHE WAS ONCE A GAIETY GIRL

**Queer Experience of the Major Sisters
with a Fine Old Gentleman.**

HE WAS ROUTED IN A MINUTE.

Lizzie Rietz was a bewitchingly pretty girl when she joined the first of the Gaiety companies that came to this country in 1889, and under the name of Flora Bell sang in the chorus. Champagne and cigarettes soon spoiled her voice and her beauty as well. Then she married a chorus singer named Cole.

They struggled on somehow until the woman went crazy. For the last two years she has been confined in a private asylum at Westport, Conn. Her mother, Mrs. John Kelly, could not maintain the payments for her charge, and recently she was brought to New York and taken by Mrs. Kelly to Bellevue Hospital, whence she

was sent to Ward's Island.

It is said the actual cause of her trouble was the deadly cigarette.

★ ★

A gentleman who is very well known in political circles in New York met, a short while ago, a pair of very handsome young women known as the Major Sisters, whose dancing has attracted considerable attention. He seemed to take quite an interest, from the start, in the good-looking team, sent them flowers occasionally, and even called on them.

He has made his last visit, however, for when he called on them, a few days ago, they were both in the parlor reading a letter together. As soon as he was seated the youngest walked up to him and said:

"Mr. Blank, you told me, not long ago, that you would do anything for me. Do you mean it?"

He looked somewhat surprised, but he stood on his colors.

"Certainly," he said. "What is it you want?"

The young woman looked him straight in the face, and then she said:

"I want you to bring your wife to call on me."

★ ★

Nellie Rosebud is unencumbered once more, and it is very likely that she has taken that famous motto about "Home" out of her trunk, and has substituted one in the beautiful frame which formerly held it, which reads:

"May a merciful heaven bless all the judges in South Dakota."

Miss Rosebud was the wife of George W. Monroe, of "Aunt Bridget" fame. She is a very clever soubrette and at one time played in the cast of his company. She evidently wanted to make it as easy as possible for

Pretty, Dainty, Popular.

Clay Fitzgerald, 3 styles; Della Fox, Fanny Rice, Lillian Russell, Angeline Allen, Claudia Revere, Flo Henderson, Anna Mantell, Alma Egger, Virginia Earl; all tight; Leo Campbell, Yolande Wallace, Isabelle Coe, in costume; and hundreds of other handsome photographs. Price 10 cents each or three for 25 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York.

George, hence her trip to the west, with the incidental \$250 fee which the Yankton lawyers charge for piloting easterners out of the matrimonial shoals.

Now we can appreciate the significance of the card that appears in several dramatic papers, to wit:—

"NELLIE ROSEBUD, "At Liberty."

★ ★
Diana, the chameleon dancer—it isn't hard to guess why she is called that—the Dolores sisters, acrobats, Annie Ashley, and Pearl Alexander, are in the cast of Sam T. Jack's "Adam and Eve" company. They are all drawing cards and there are enough scantily draped Eves in the front row to make it pleasant for the nice old gentlemen who insist on having front seats and taking their telescopes with them.

★ ★
A romantic story about Edith Waters, an actress who is very well-known on both coasts, has just cropped out, and if true, she undoubtedly "has her own trouble."

Although the adopted daughter of a millionaire, she once lived on a lonely island off the coast of Southern California, where she herded sheep, and later became the wife of the impoverished son of a man who was John W. Mackay's partner in the banana days. John Mackay Walker is the husband's name and Waters her stage name.

The marriage proved an unfortunate one before the

with us, and the manager put them in the chorus. Upon trying their voices he found that they were all tenors, so he at once wired his agent: "For heaven's sake, put the company up at a hotel where the proprietor has a baritone voice. I have tenors enough." The story has a sort of Bob Grau flavor, but Miss de Coursey tells it so it must be so, at least that's what Alan Dale says in the *Evening World*, and no one ever accused him of deviating from the narrow path of truth.

★ ★
For the fourth time in her life Gracie Plaisted, who is better known in San Francisco than anywhere else, has personally ascertained that married bliss is not all that some people say it is.

The present cloud on her domestic horizon may mean a disastrous storm, and then, again, it may not.

It was on Sept. 27, 1894, that Miss Plaisted with her charming voice and winsome soubrette ways won the heart and hand of ex-Assemblyman Frank L. Fowler, who hailed from out by Livermore, Cal.

The wedding ceremony took place from the home of the bride's father. It was solemnized by a Unitarian minister, Mr. Fowler giving his age as forty-one and Miss Plaisted hers as thirty-five. After the ceremony there was a supper and a reception, and it was only an hour after the nuptial knot had been tied that Mr. Fowler, who was said to be worth in the neighborhood of \$25,000, settled a fine Californian homestead on his new wife.

Miss Plaisted expected that she was married happily at last, and married to stay. After three unsuccessful attempts she believed that she had secured her twin born mate. Her new husband had riches and good looks and he did not object to his wife prouetting before the footlights of the Tivoli Theatre in San Francisco.

For five or six months Mr. and Mrs. Fowler lived peacefully, and then troubles began to rise. Mr. Fowler, according to the theatrical gossip, became a very morose, indifferent and unhappy husband, and failed to return the affection which his wife bestowed on him. It is averred by his wife's friends that on one occasion he deliberately smashed a lot of Japanese bric-a-brac which she had brought home from her pilgrimage to the Orient.

Now Fowler is acting as traveling salesman for a wholesale house and Mrs. Fowler is residing at the Langham Hotel in San Francisco. The pretty home in Oakland, Cal., which they occupied so contentedly during the first stage of their married life has been broken up. When the winsome Gracie parted with her maiden name she became Mrs. Hartley. After a short time she became Mrs. Lancaster. Then she went with Emily Melville to Australia, and she was next known as Mrs. Tobin.

As Mrs. Tobin she remained for some time. There was a third divorce and she was free to wed again. Fowler was the man and there was a genuine romance in this, Gracie's fourth venture, for as schoolmates they had been attached to each other and would doubtless have married if circumstances and their parents had permitted it.

★ ★
Suzanne Logier is a good actress, but extremely stout. She was one night enacting a part in a melodrama with Tallade, the original *Pierre* of the "Two Orphans," and this actor had at one moment to carry her fainting off the stage. He tried with all his might to lift the "fat" heroine, but, although she helped her little comrade by standing on tiptoe in the usual manner, he was unable to move her an inch. At this juncture one of the deities cried from the gallery, "Take what you can and come back for the rest."

★ ★
It is more than likely that Cissy Fitzgerald's face, showing her famous wink, has been plastered up all over the country; not the original, of course, but the reproduction. It is in Pittsburg, Pa., now, but the delightful wink is gone. Instead, the teeth are emphasized, and where the collar usually appears there is the sign of a popular dentist, who proclaims that he will make teeth "like these"—Cissy's—at so much per tooth. I wonder how the incomparable Cissy feels.

★ ★
Aldice Capitaine, whom they call the perfect woman, because her muscles are nicely developed and she has engaging manners, will not be permitted to make an open air exhibition of her figure and her talents at Manhattan Beach. She wanted to slide a quarter of a mile on a wire. It would have been a good advertisement, but it wouldn't work.

★ ★
The theatrical woods are full of "Trilby" burlesquers, and some of them are so tough that it would have been better if "Trilby" had never been brought across the seas. But there are a few good ones, and the best so far is the Trilby Quartette on the Casino roof.

The members are: William Van Duzer, "Trilby"; A. L. Brock, *The Laird*; James Horan, *Svengali*, and Paul F. Nicholson, Jr., *Tuffy*. They are all so infinitely clever in the pure burlesque, that it is possible to forgive the rank imitations.

★ ★
Daisy Dixon is resting on a well-earned couch of laurel these days, with nothing to do but read pleasant press notices and look forward to another rout of the critics this fall. She played the part of *Johnny Blue* in the "Derby Mascot," and as a chipper little jockey she made a hit that will not only last her a long while, but which was the foundation for an increase of salary. She was formerly with "Dr. Bill" and "For given," and while as an ingenue and a soubrette she was always popular, it remained for the knickerbockers of the jockey to launch her into fame. She is pretty and petite.

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Cigarettes and Champagne Ruined Her Voice.

PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

Lord Sholto Douglas Wipes Dishes
for his Wife, Lady Loretto.

THEY ARE IN ALAMEDA. CAL.

Two Young Women Who Were Caught
Picking Pockets in Minneapolis.

GIVEN THREE HOURS TO GET OUT.

Lord and Lady Sholto Douglas are in Alameda, Cal., just now. Lady Douglas is getting a foretaste of the vicissitudes of married life. The couple are stopping at the Alameda Hotel on Park street, near Buena Vista avenue. They have been at the hotel for some time. The hotel is conducted by Mrs. Saunders and is used principally for lodging purposes.

Lord and Lady Douglas were given the best rooms in the house and the use of the dining-room and kitchen. Lady Douglas cooks the meals and washes her own dishes, while his lordship meekly assists by wiping the dishes.

The presence in Alameda of the titled couple was a profound secret and would have probably remained so for some time had not Lady Douglas turned her dainty foot in Park street the other day. As a result of the accident her ankle was slightly sprained and she visited a drug store to obtain some liniment. She there met a gentleman who knew her when she was Miss Addis, and the secret was out.

Lord Douglas and his wife rode about the city with a real estate agent in search of a furnished house. They decided to rent F. G. Weip's cottage, furnished, at 2114 Encinal avenue, and will occupy it in a short time. Lord Douglas' health is not of the best, and he thinks that Alameda's climate will agree with him. Then it is such a nice, quiet place and practically free from the irrepressible reporter.

When the couple took up their temporary residence at the hotel they gave explicit orders not to admit any one to see them. If any reporters called they were to be turned away.

Lady Douglas was in Alameda just two days when she caught the bicycle craze. She would learn to ride a wheel, and she did. Lord Sholto was content with watching his wife, and the bicycle has no charm for him. Lady Douglas was an apt pupil. She was soon spinning along over the smooth pavements, and enjoyed herself. On the fourth day she appeared in bloomers. They were made of dark green cloth. Lady Douglas made them herself, and they are an excellent fit. It is the present intention of Lord and Lady Douglas to remain in Alameda three months, unless they are driven thence by the lady's mother and persistent reporters.

Two pretty and stylishly dressed young women were arrested at the Minneapolis race track, Minneapolis, recently. Thus far the only charge that has been formally entered against them is the broad and rather noncommittal one of vagrancy, and they were therefore released upon bail of \$25 each, which was furnished by a saloon keeper. Detectives Howard and Doyle who made the arrest allege, in spite of the mildness of the charge, that the girls are "two of the foxiest dips that ever came over the pike." In plain language, they are pickpockets, and successful ones, too. No other charge but that of vagrancy could be made to stick, however, for the reason that the victims "would not stand for their end of a case in the police court." If general report is to be believed, Miss May Gordon and Miss Minnie Hamilton, as they claim their names to be, created quite a flutter among the male patrons of the track recently, and had things pretty much their own way.

At the race track they got right down to business and started in to clean out the crowd. They were making money a great deal faster than the law allowed, when the victims who had lost such trifles as watches and studs began to complain, then the pair were arrested. In the police court both pleaded guilty to the charge of vagrancy and were fined \$10 each.

May Gordon, the smaller and prettier of the two, made a little plea in their behalf, stating that they had just come to the city recently.

"How long will it take you to leave the city?" inquired the court.

"We can go right now," said the girl, eagerly.

"Well, I will suspend sentence and give you until 3 o'clock to get away."

The finest kind of a sensation was created in Buffalo, N. Y., recently, when a staid citizen of that town, Cyrus J. Wheelock, was captured near his home by Miss Fannie Johnson, of New York, with whom he had been living as his wife. Wheelock has a wife and family in Buffalo. He kept Miss Johnson and her two children in New York city. He divided his time about equally between his two families. He had been promising Miss Johnson for years, according to her story, to get a divorce and marry her, but she got tired waiting and went to Buffalo to have him arrested. She visited police headquarters, and after a short consultation she engaged a coachman and went after her lover.

He had just had his luncheon and was riding his bicycle toward the park. Miss Johnson's driver started after him. Wheelock looked around when he heard the clatter of the horse's feet, and he saw Miss Johnson's pretty blonde head at the carriage window. He bent over the wheel and made for the park over the smooth asphalt. Before he got a good start the carriage was at his hind wheel and the driver forced him to the curb. He

jumped off. The carriage stopped and Miss Johnson, excited and angry, sprang at him. She took Wheelock by the arm and shoved him into the carriage, telling the driver to return to police headquarters.

The interview in the carriage was stormy. The driver, hearing the dispute and then cries from the woman, descended from the box and found Wheelock and Miss Johnson struggling. The driver rapped Wheelock heavily on the chin with his right hand, and Wheelock fell back on the seat. Miss Johnson got up, and the driver climbed to his box. The conversation grew livelier as the carriage proceeded, and when near the Circle, Wheelock suddenly jumped out and ran up the street. Miss Johnson drove to his house, where she told her story to Mrs. Wheelock. She was ordered out of the house and a policeman was called. She asked the policeman if he knew Wheelock.

"Then," said she, "look at this picture and tell me if those are not his children."

The policeman went away. When Wheelock returned to the house he called more policemen, and Miss Johnson was persuaded to go. She went to the house of her brother, a music teacher. When the excitement was over she found that her ankle had been sprained in the struggle with Wheelock, and she would be confined to the house for a few days. She purposes to bring the children to Buffalo and begin an action against Wheelock for damages.

James McAvoy, thirty-nine years old, of 340 East Sixtieth street, New York city, who shot and killed his wife, Emily, at their home, killed himself in a horrible manner.

He was being taken from the Yorkville Police Court at 9 o'clock in the morning to the coroner's office by Policeman Tancredi, of the East Sixty-eighth street station.

The officer took his prisoner to the Fifty-ninth street station by the Third avenue elevated, and when they reached the platform McAvoy suddenly broke away from his custodian and threw himself in front of a downtown train, which came rushing in.

The wheels of the engine passed over both his legs, cutting them completely off. An ambulance was hurriedly summoned from Flower Hospital, to which McAvoy was taken, but he died at 10 o'clock from shock and loss of blood.

Just before this McAvoy was rearrested before Magistrate Mott, in the Yorkville Court, on a charge of homicide.

McAvoy, who has been arraigned on former occasions for beating his wife and children, denied that he did the shooting, and tried to shift the crime upon his son, Henry, aged fourteen years. The dying woman in her ante-mortem



Lord Sholto as a Dishwasher.

statement on Sunday accused her husband, and her daughter, Sarah, aged twelve years, said that her father fired the shots. Two letters addressed by McAvoy to undertaker Charles O'Brien, of Forty-seventh street and Second avenue, would seem to indicate that he contemplated suicide after killing his wife.

The letters, written on one sheet of paper, in a scrawling, scarcely legible hand, were found in a bureau in the McAvoy apartments by Policeman Tancredi, of the East Sixty-seventh street station. One bemoans the hard luck of the writer and charges his wife with neglect of the children. The other letter is very brief:

"I can stand this kind of life no longer; I'm through with it. You will please take charge of things. You will get \$100 from the Plasterers' Society."

"JAMES McAVOY."

McAvoy was under \$300 bonds to answer at the Court of Special Sessions for assault on his wife and children on Feb. 27. He was committed by Police Justice Ryan.

You'll get it free. The colored supplement next week, The Twentieth Century Barnyard.

LOUIS MANN.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

Comedians, as a rule, do not play straight business in burlesque, and when Louis Mann was cast for the part of *Scenogai*, in the Trilby burlesque in the "Merry World," it was thought he would caricature the act. But he didn't. He played it straight, and men who know say he was even better than Wilton Lackaye in his conception of the hypnotizing Hebrew.

A Butterfly Life.

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OUTRAGED AND CRUCIFIED.

Awful Fate of Carrie Jordan in
Elliott County, Kentucky.

NAILED TO THE WALL OF A HUT

Men and Dogs Hunting Down the Three
Men Who Committed the Crime.

THERE WILL BE A LYNCHING SOON.

It has remained for three young ruffians of Kentucky mountaineers to commit one of the most fiendish crimes on the calendar, and, while the names of the men are not known, their identity is not a secret by any means. The victim was Carrie Jordan, a mountain girl who is said to have been exceptionally beautiful, and whose disposition was as mild and sweet as though she had been reared in a refined household instead of having

in very short order a party of half a hundred were ready to take up the hunt for the despoilers of the much-admired girl. However, they, too, appear to have heard the tale in sufficient time to allow them to make good their escape to the depths of the mountains, where at last accounts they are still baffling their pursuers.

The posse after them, however, is determined to avenge the death of the young woman, and will not rest till the perpetrators of the outrage are swinging between heaven and earth. No mercy will be shown them, and from the latest advices to be had from the scene the culprits cannot have hope of ultimate escape.

For miles around the country is aroused, and their appearance at any point will be an instant signal for arrest. Doubtless, when the final struggle comes, it will be a bitter one, as they cannot but realize their fate if capture ensues, and all are armed.

Colored supplement next week—The Twentieth Century Barnyard.

DOWNY LION CUBS.

Wallace, the lion who has the honor of receiving more press notices than any other animal who ever visited New York city, is the father of three downy cubs, although he doesn't seem to appreciate it a bit. The mother is Queen, and both animals are with Wombell's Trained Animal Show, on Surf Avenue, Coney Island.

Capt. Maitland and Lorenzo, the lion tamer, both of whom are connected with the show, came to New York last week lugging a strong, stout fisherman's basket, in which were two of the cubs. The first place they came to was the POLICE GAZETTE office, where the little beasts were exhibited. They have no teeth as yet, and they are as helpless as two kittens. They were born on the Fourth of July. Next week will be published a portrait of Lorenzo, the man who would sooner play with a cage full of wild beasts than eat his dinner.

FAIR GLOBE KICKERS.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

The belles of St. Louis have a new pastime, which produces lots of fun, but which is somewhat expensive. It is globe kicking, and it is said by certain favored ones who have been present at these contests that the exhibitions are worth going miles to see. Mary Livingstone, who holds the record of eleven globes in one evening, broke her leg a few days ago by falling while doing her act.

COMEDY BASEBALL.

There will be a game of baseball at the Polo Grounds on July 23 in which considerable of the comedy element familiar to New York theatregoers will be present. The "1492" team, captained by Walter Jones, will cross bats with the "Rialto" team, managed by John E. McCarty. Nor is that all. The umpires will be Lottie Gilson, the Little Magnet, and Bonnie Thornton.

Score cards will be sold by Annie Hart, Maud Huth, Nellie McCarty, Mollie Whitten and Kitty Wells. There is a combination of talent and beauty which no one can afford to miss.

FRED MILLER AND HIS DOG.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Into the POLICE GAZETTE office on Monday last walked Fred Miller and his dog "Guess," fresh from a perambulating tour through the south as far as Jacksonville, Fla., and return. Nobody would have recognized in the thin, cadaverous-looking being, about whose form hung a few dilapidated garments, the sleek, well-dressed individual who left the same office four months before to go on a self-imposed journey of 2,300 miles, every one of which he contracted to negotiate afoot. That Miller did just what he agreed to is attested by the books containing the signatures of every prominent liquor dealer, barber and railroad man in the various towns and cities through which he passed on his journey. Not a few mayors, to say nothing of governor's secretaries and minor officials have inscribed their autographs in the record books which Miller proudly displayed.

"Guess," the dog, suffered more than his master during the trip. Change of food and water brought about several periods of illness, during which his life was despaired of. Miller, however, refused to abandon his canine protegee; but with tender nursing, care and solicitude, managed to bring him around all right.

As soon as Miller finished recounting his experiences he was taken to a clothier's, where a whole new outfit was procured and he is now parading around New York living a life of ease and comfort. He likes to be known as the "Police Gazette" champion tramp, and proudly displays the medal given him by Richard K. Fox, as a souvenir of his trip.

A. J. WATSON.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

One of the best known amateur cycle racers in Europe to-day is A. J. Watson, a member of the Polytechnic Cycle Club of England. He has been riding for some years, but on June 22 last he distinguished himself by winning the one-mile bicycle championship of England. He duplicated his performance later in the day by winning the five-mile event.

DEATH IN THE STORM.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

The excursion boat Dispatch took a merry party from Elgin, Ill., recently, up the river for a sail on Geneva Lake, Wis. There were nine persons aboard. When the lake was reached a cyclonic storm struck the boat, overturning it, and seven of the party were drowned. They were: Fireman of the boat; Dr. C. H. Franz, assistant physician at the Elgin Insane Asylum; Mrs. C. H. Franz; Franz, a young child; Father John A. Hogan, a Catholic priest of Harvard, Ill.; Miss Marie Hogan, of Harvard, Ill.; John Preston, captain of the boat.

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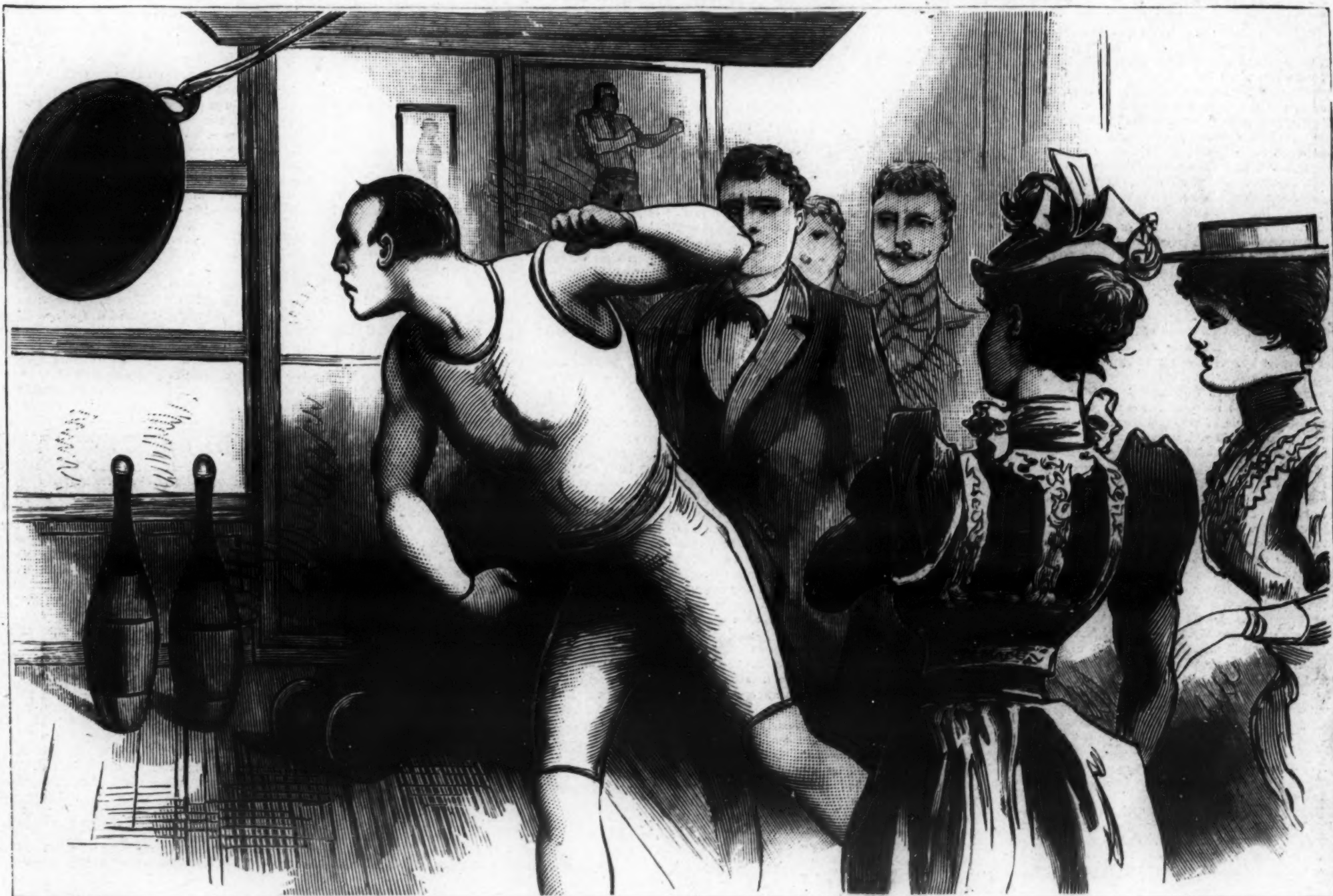
NICHOLS SISTERS.

DID A CLEVER DANCE FOR THE EIDOLSCOPE AT THE POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE LAST WEEK.



CYCLING CHAMPIONS DISTINGUISH THEMSELVES.

INTERESTING RACING AT ASBURY PARK, N. J., FOR FINE PRIZES AND THE PLAUDITS OF FAIR HANDS.



FITZSIMMONS GOES INTO TRAINING.

HIS BAG-PUNCHING EXHIBITIONS PLEASE VISITORS TO HIS COSY QUARTERS AT CONEY ISLAND, N. Y.

SHE LOVED A BLACK MAN.

What was Worse, Mrs. Gray was Caught in his Arms.

SHE IS WHITE AND BEAUTIFUL

Both the Man and his Mistress Were Arrested on a Charge of Adultery.

ENGLEWOOD SOCIETY SHOCKED.

Englewood, that aristocratic suburb of Chicago, has received a mental shock from which it will not soon recover. Englewood, the chaste, Englewood, the exclusive, is in a state of mental, moral and physical collapse. It has a black stain upon its fair, pure name; a stain which it will take years to efface or hide with subsequent good deeds. The pride of its church-going people has received a fearful blow from which it is still quaking and shaking, for one of its most prominent women, wife of one of its most prominent and promising citizens, by name Gerald Gray, has been caught in the arms of a negro, and in consequence has been arrested with her dusky paramour and arraigned in a vulgar police court on a charge of living in open adultery.

Think of it! Mrs. Gray's husband, Gerald Gray, is a real estate agent, whose office is at Sixty-ninth and Sangamon streets. He moved to Chicago a year ago and took up his abode with his wife at Englewood-on-the-Hill. Della was sought after by many and before long her husband saw fit to keep strict watch over her. He caught her one evening, four months ago, in company with one of Englewood's swells, and the result was that the gay lover received a severe thrashing. The case came up in court. Gray being defendant to a charge of assault and battery. Justice Caldwell said that Gray was justified in flogging the fellow, and the case was dismissed.

After that Mrs. Gray promised to do better, and her husband moved with her to a pretty cottage at Sixty-ninth street and Yale avenue. Everything went lovely until a short time ago when Gray discovered that his wife was more unfaithful than ever. He was horrified to learn that she had been receiving the attentions of a colored man named Ferguson, whose home is at 6034 Cook street.

After confronting the faithless wife with evidence of her guilt, which she indignantly denied, Gray left her and broke up housekeeping. He determined, however, to bring his guilty wife and her dusky lover to justice, and began to track her. After leaving the home she had broken up, the woman went to live with Ferguson, who is also married. She posed as his servant. In order to have her in the house without making trouble Ferguson drove his own wife out of doors and established his white mistress in her stead.

The abandoned wife and the outraged husband met and made plans for revenge. Mrs. Ferguson kept watch of the house wherein her treacherous husband and his alleged servant resided. Her vigil was a long one, but was finally rewarded. After three weeks' watch she and Gray one Tuesday night entered the house at 6034 Cook street and caught Mrs. Gray in the arms of Ferguson in the latter's bedroom. The scene was exciting. Gray made a rush at the fellow who had destroyed his happiness, while Mrs. Ferguson made for the wretched creature who had deserted a loving husband and a good home to break up the home of another. Gray caught Ferguson and choked him, while Mrs. Ferguson and Mrs. Gray had it hot and heavy. Ferguson finally made his escape from the infuriated husband, and Gray induced the colored woman to depart and leave his wife for the law.

They repaired to the home of Justice Schulte and swore out warrants for the arrest of the guilty pair. Mrs. Ferguson's name was signed to the warrants Gray not wishing to appear in the case.

Ferguson had taken flight and left his home and mistress, and was not until a few nights later that Officer M. J. Crane of the Englewood station placed him under arrest. Mrs. Gray was arrested later on. When given in charge of the matron the woman begged piteously to be given a chance to end her existence. She would not be comforted, and once when left unguarded attempted to leap from the window of the second floor of the station. The matron's vigilance alone saved her.

When arraigned in court she cried and begged Justice Schulte to let her go. Her black lover, on the contrary, grinned broadly and seemed to enjoy the situation immensely. He requested a continuance in order to prepare a defense, and it was granted.

Mrs. Gray refused to talk of the case. When pressed, however, she acknowledged being an inmate of Ferguson's house, but said she only acted in the capacity of servant. She would not say why she left her home and begged to be left alone to her sorrow.

The case is attracting considerable attention and the courtroom at Englewood was crowded by people anxious to hear the testimony.

Colored supplement next week—The Twentieth Century Barnard.

JACK O'CONNOR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

It takes an artist to mix a drink properly, and George Conrade of St. Louis knows this. That is the reason he has Jack O'Connor behind his bar. He wanted an artist there, and he got one. Jack is a liquid dictionary.

A MASHER COMES TO GRIEF.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Fully five hundred people witnessed a most sensational street scene at Lexington, Ky., a few days ago. Miss Ada Maier, a pretty brunette of seventeen, for-

merly of Cincinnati, but now residing in Richmond, Ky., received an anonymous note some time ago, signed "Your Silent Lover." It stated that the writer was "dead stuck on her," and suggested a trip to Cincinnati. It added: "You can let me know by coming down to the post office to-morrow (Thursday) evening at 5 o'clock with a handkerchief in your left hand—a red one, if you have it. Then I will make myself known to you. I am dead in love with you, but cannot talk much."

On reading the note Miss Maier turned it over to her mother, Mrs. Hannah James, who is the wife of a merchant by that name. Mrs. James read it and showed it to her husband. The two then consulted as to what was best to do, finally concluding that the daughter should go to the post-office, as requested.

She did so, and Michael W. Driggers made himself known as the writer of the note. According to the instructions of her mother the girl made an engagement with him and agreed to meet him in Lexington. He gave her \$2 with which to purchase a ticket, and told her that he would see her on the train for further instructions. The mother and her husband then laid their plans to give Driggers a good lesson. The girl met Driggers at the depot in Richmond and he gave her the address of a woman in Lexington, and told her to meet him there. They got into separate coaches, the girl stationing herself in front of her mother, who was heavily veiled and wore a pair of smoked glasses. The father, with his face blackened, entered the apartment for colored people.

Reaching Lexington, the girl and her mother went immediately to C. Fugazzi's restaurant, and were eating lunch when Driggers came to the door and motioned the girl to come out. She did so, followed by her mother. Driggers and the girl walked to the corner of Short and Upper streets. There she stopped suddenly and said in a loud voice:

"So you want me to go with you, do you? Well, I'll teach you a lesson."

Then came a resounding whack as the girl brought down her sunshade on Driggers' head. He struck her full in the face, knocking her flat on her back in the roadway. The mother was upon him by this time, and, drawing from the folds of her dress a brier root club filled with spikes, she hit Driggers several times in the face and head, cutting him terribly and causing him to fall unconscious in a pool of blood on the sidewalk. The



Broke Up An Infamous Infatuation.

father was upon him an instant later and had drawn a stiletto, but before he could use it the crowd interfered. The whole party was placed under arrest. Driggers was placed under the care of the jail physician, who says his wounds, while not necessarily dangerous, are very painful.

You'll get it free, the colored supplement next week, The Twentieth Century Barnard.

SHOT AN INNOCENT MAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One of the most cold-blooded murders in the history of Ohio was committed in the hall of the local lodge of the Grand Army of the Republic at Lincoln Ridge, O. The Sons of Veterans gave an ice cream social in the hall, and several hundred attended it, among whom were John Willis, a schoolteacher of Ohio Township; a young man of the name of Calvary Tipton and Tipton's wife. It seems that Tipton was jealous of his wife, and she had left him about a month ago because of his insane jealousy and cruelty, and had gone to live with her parents. Tipton said that he would kill the first man whom he saw talking to his wife or having anything whatever to do with her. At the ice cream supper young Willis, who sat next to the woman, was engaged in conversation with her, when Tipton arose from his chair, went outside, came around to an open window, where Willis was sitting with his back toward him, and without a word of warning fired two pistol shots into his head, both balls passing through the brain.

Willis fell dead at the feet of the murderer, who turned his weapon on his wife. She attempted to escape, but the infuriated man fired two more shots, both of which took effect, one in the right shoulder, the other passing through the lungs. In the confusion that ensued the murderer escaped to the hills, and at last accounts was being pursued by a posse with dogs and guns. If caught he will be summarily dealt with.

Willis was a well-known young man, a leading Republican in his township and a teacher of reputation. Tipton is the adopted son of Robert Stewart, one of the wealthiest and best known citizens of the county. Tipton is 24 years old.

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MARRIED ON A TUGBOAT.

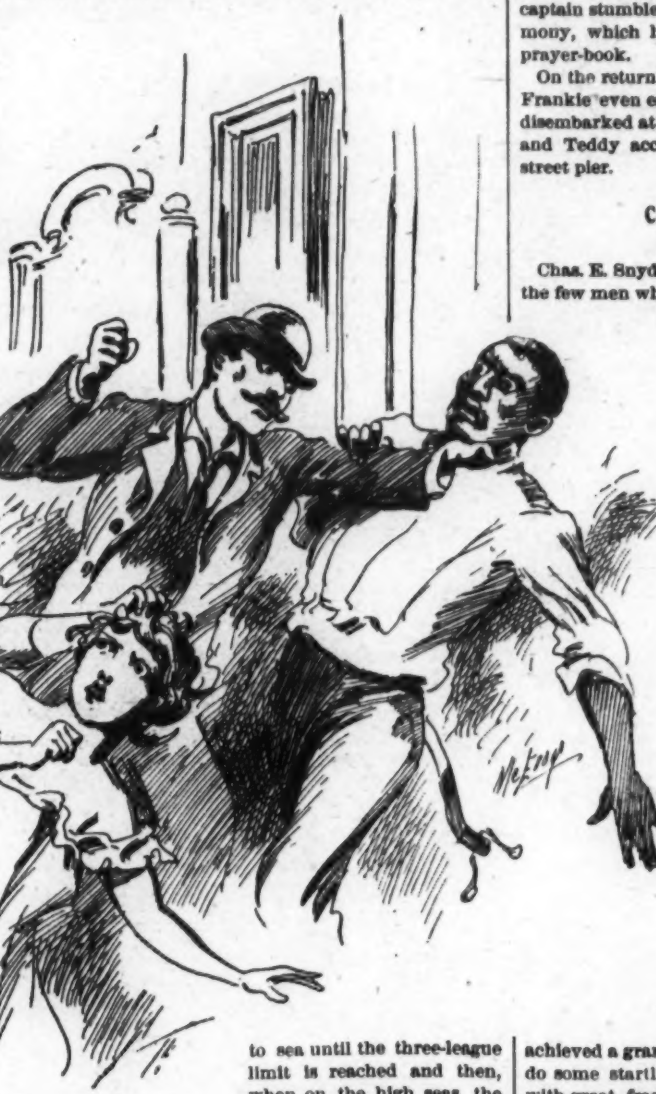
Young Groom United by the Captain to a Pretty Widow.

WERE FIFTEEN MILES AT SEA.

All the Guests Were Seasick During the Interesting Ceremony.

BUT IT WAS FUN FOR THE SAILORS.

The easiest place in the country for a young couple who want to marry is San Francisco, Cal. When the clergyman and the Justice of the Peace refuse to tie the double bow knot, they arrange for a tug boat, go



to sea until the three-league limit is reached and then, when on the high seas, the captain does the splicing. As a result, these marriages are not only popular, but romantic. The latest sea

marriage took place recently between young John O. Heyden, who is very much under age, and Mrs. Maud Freer, a widow of both years and experience. The fact that the young man is soon to fall heir to a large fortune has increased the interest in the affair.

Frankie Faircloth, a dapper little flaxen-haired youth belonging in the featherweight class, was made the prospective groom's confidant, and was intrusted with the task of securing a wedding tug, together with a captain who had no particular aversion to this kind of a marriage. As a rule it is difficult to secure a tug for a deep-sea wedding nowadays, unless the contracting parties are old enough to know what they are doing. Frankie first tried to secure the services of Capt. Enos, of the tug Alice, but that veteran said he would have nothing to do with the affair. The Spreckels tow-boat line was next visited, but there the slim little master of ceremonies met with another rebuff. Capt. Hawley told him that his tugs were engaged, and, besides, were out of the business of marrying children. Frankie was persistent, however, and tried the "red stack" company, but quickly retired when Capt. Gray intimated that he would be more apt to administer a sound spanking to the prospective groom than to marry him.

After a diligent search of the water-front, young Faircloth finally ran afoul of J. P. Savory, the sailor boarding-house runner, and that worthy promised, after being assured that he would be well paid for his services, to secure a tug and a captain who would be willing to perform the ceremony. Savory kept his word. Inside of an hour he had chartered the tug Katie O'Neill and secured the services of Captain Frank Morley, who, being the possessor of a deep-sea license, had authority to go out beyond the three-league limit and play parson.

The wedding party boarded the tug at the Main street pier shortly before noon. The prospective bride looked her prettiest in a costume of pearl poplin, an immense Gainsborough hat and a black beaded coat. She was accompanied by a friend named Mrs. Hart, who in the subsequent marriage ceremony acted as bridesmaid. The groom wore a neat-fitting suit of dark material and a look of anxiety. He either wished that the ceremony was a thing of the past or that it was not to take place at all. Frankie Faircloth was there in all his glory, and he brought with him another pretty little youth named Butterfield, whom the members of the party called Teddy for short. There were several others on board, but they did not class as members of the wedding party. Frankie brought along some whiskey, wine and crackers under the delusion that a trip beyond the Heads amounted to little more than a picnic. He had

cause to change his mind before the return trip was made.

The voyage out to the Golden Gate was pleasant and the young folks passed the time away in singing and in listening to Frankie's tales of how he had "flooded" Heyden's relatives. But when the tug reached the ocean a feeling of unrest and anxiety pervaded the party. It was not such smooth sailing as the bay afforded and they began to wish that they were at home. Frankie feared that he had swallowed a fly during one of his enthusiastic discourses on his own cleverness and excused himself from the rest of the party. The deckhands were compelled to hold him by the coat tails to prevent him going overboard while he paid tribute to Neptune. Mrs. Hart was next taken ill and then the bride and groom.

They were a sorry-looking lot when Captain Morley stopped the boat about fifteen miles west of the North Heads and announced that they had arrived at the "church," as the three-league limit is called. There was a question, then, as to whether there should be any ceremony or not, as all of the interested parties had other matters which required their attention. But the captain said he had other business, too, and unless the "happy couple" joined hands immediately he would return to the city without even so much as saying, "Let no man put asunder."

The sad-looking couple, with their sadder-looking attendants, went into the wheelhouse, and while leaning on the arms of snickering deckhands listened to the captain stumble through the orthodox marriage ceremony, which he read from a greasy and well-worn prayer-book.

On the return trip the party revived somewhat, and Frankie even essayed a song. Mr. and Mrs. Heyden disembarked at Meggs' wharf and disappeared. Frankie and Teddy accompanied Capt. Morley back to Main street pier.

CHARLES E. SNYDER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Chas. E. Snyder, Battery G, 2d U. S. Artillery, is one of the few men who, after having fought through the war, remained true to his chosen profession and continued carrying a gun for over thirty years. He was born in Saxony, Germany, joined the Thirty-ninth New York Volunteers (Garibaldi), went through two years of hard campaigning and fighting, and was honorably mustered out at the close of the war in 1865. Like so many thousands of Germany's sons, he shared in defending and preserving the Union. Being of a sturdy constitution, he survived the horrors of Andersonville prison, and his name will live among others to be a beacon for the rising generation. He served throughout New Mexico, Texas, South Carolina and Florida, and was post baker in the Fifth Artillery under Gen. J. Hunt at Fort Adams, R. I., in 1870, at which latter place he is at present employed in the same capacity. After retiring he will make his home at Cincinnati, O.

NICHOLS SISTERS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Two very pretty and clever artists who were brought to this country by Eugene Tompkins for his revival of the "Black Crook" at the Boston theatre a few seasons ago, where they achieved a grand triumph by their artistic work. They do some startling acrobatic dancing, which is executed with great freedom and motion of limb, and an ease and suppleness of body possible only with gymnastic training, which requires hours of daily practice. Since their notable engagement with the "Black Crook" they have played in all the leading theatres in the principal cities of the United States. The first season they were the leading features of that most successful organization, "Finnigan's Ball," which success was greatly due to their conscientious work. They are tireless workers. Miss Alice Nichols superintends all the business, and is always on the alert for novel and catchy songs, introducing new dances, which have been copied by all. They danced last week for the Eldoloscope on the roof of Richard K. Fox's publishing house, at Franklin Square, New York, which has been placed on exhibition on Broadway, New York, and at Coney Island. They have received several flattering offers from managers of the different roof gardens of this city, but have declined on account of a much needed rest.

You'll get it free, the colored supplement next week, The Twentieth Century Barnard.

ATTACKED BY A WILDCAT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A wildcat attacked Mrs. Andres Cain a short time ago and seriously wounded her before she was rescued from the furious beast by her son. She resides at Germantown, three miles from Mt. Carmel, Pa. Mrs. Cain was gathering eggs in the henery when she was startled by a low growl from a corner of the little building. She looked, and beheld two bright eyes glaring at her, and she instantly turned to run. At the same moment the huge wildcat sprang upon her and began to tear and claw at her flesh, at the same time giving vent to the most unearthly screeches. The woman fought off the animal bravely, shouting for help, and succeeded in grasping it by the throat. It tore long strips of flesh from her arms and lacerated her face and hands in a fearful manner. Nearly all of her clothing was torn away. Mrs. Cain's son heard her call, and rushed to her assistance with a shotgun. Then the beast fled. The young man fired, shot off one of the wildcat's legs, and then beat the animal to death with stones. It was three feet long and weighed 20 pounds.

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CORBETT'S FRIEND VERA.

Sensational Doings While They
Were on the Road.

TRAVELLED AS HIS WIFE.

An Actress Member of "Gentleman
Jim's" Company Sides With Ollie.

ABE HUMMEL'S PROTEST IGNORED.

A referee for the Corbett divorce case has been appointed and on July 15 he began taking testimony in the suit which Mrs. Ollie Corbett is bringing against her husband, James J. Corbett. The referee is Edward Jacob and the hearings are proceeding in his office at 335 Broadway, New York City. Corbett was represented by Lawyer David A. Sullivan, while Mrs. Corbett's interests were looked after by Abe Hummel.

Corbett himself was not present at the hearing, but he is expected later. Abe Hummel wanted to have the testimony taken behind closed doors but the referee decided that the hearings in the case must be public.

The first witness called was Mrs. Corbett herself. She said she was married to the pugilist on June 8, 1896, in Salt Lake City.

Her name before marriage was Ollie Lake, and in event of a divorce she wished to assume it again.

Mr. Hummel announced that she charged her husband with improper conduct in the Bates House, Indianapolis, in Charleston, W. Va., and at Zanesville, in April. Marie King was called. She said that she was an actress in Corbett's company. She joined the company two years ago.

"In January of this year," she said, "I saw a woman named Vera in company with Mr. Corbett. Vera was with our company a good deal, but she was not an actress. I saw Vera with Mr. Corbett in Pittsburgh and Indianapolis. She used to come to the theatre with him and leave it with him, and was his companion at all times."

In response to questions by Mr. Hummel Miss King said she saw the pugilist with the woman in Parkersburg, W. Va., Cincinnati, Charleston and Indianapolis, between April 11 and 20 of this year. She was in his dressing room and they stayed at the same hotel.

In the latter part of April she saw them enter the same stateroom on a train on which she was traveling and lock the door.

Mr. Hummel named several hotels and asked if they, Corbett and Vera, were not registered as "James Corbett and wife." She replied that they were, and that Corbett made no effort to conceal his relations with the woman.

Miss King further stated that the members of the company called Vera Mrs. Corbett in the pugilist's presence and that he never objected.

Nothing was added to Miss King's testimony by the cross-examination. Referee Jacobs asked her about the stateroom on the train into which she had seen the pugilist retire with Vera. She said she did not see the pair again until the next morning.

SIX FIGHTERS ARRESTED.

The pugilists who participated in the boxing bouts held in Jersey City, N. J., last Monday night, under the auspices of the Hudson County Athletic Club, found themselves involved in a little legal difficulty from which they may have some trouble extricating themselves. The six principals were arrested, and under the reform administration which now holds sway in that semi-moral community, there is no telling whether they will succeed in evading the meshes of the law or not. It was a prearranged plan on the part of the club officials to have the validity of the State law relating to prize fighting tested, so that the question of right in holding glove contests might be settled definitely.

The show was a good one, consisting of three bouts. The star event of the evening was furnished by Frank Erne, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Joe Craig, a fighter of some local reputation. About a thousand spectators were present. Tim Hurst was the referee, and when the police swooped in upon the scene the genial Timothy was gathered into the net with the others.

Erne and Craig were "carded" to fight ten rounds, but the culmination of affairs came in the third round when a swinging left-hand upper cut laid Craig low. He lay stretched out on the flooring of the stage for seven seconds when the Chief of Police, assuming it to be a knockout, gave the signal to his men, and in an instant the ring was filled with blue coats. Before the officers had time to put a hand on Craig the latter sprang nimbly to his feet and wanted to continue, but he was ordered to go to his corner and remove his gloves. Hurst, however, realizing that Erne had far and away the best of the engagement, awarded him the decision before he was placed in custody and taken to the police station. Craig who has been beating all the aspirants for feather-weight honors who visited Jersey City, acted like a novice in Erne's hands. He was outclassed and made no kind of a showing against the clever Buffalo man. The latter was hardly up to form at that. He was too confident and threw away chances that he should not have missed had he been opposed by a more clever fighter. The opening he left was taken advantage of by the Jersey lad who smashed him hard on the nose bringing the blood gushing out in a stream. Erne was more careful after that and rewarded Craig with an awful punching. One straight left-handed punch broke his jaw and virtually ended the fight.

The first of the preliminary bouts was 10 rounds between Caspar Leon and Charles Roden at 107 pounds. Roden made a good showing for a few rounds and surprised even his friends. Leon, however, went at his work like a mechanic and made a neat job of beating his opponent. The latter stayed through the prescribed number of rounds, but was badly punished in the last few rounds. Leon got the award.

Pete Reilly, of Long Island, and Sim Robinson, of Jersey City, were the next pair. They fought 6 rounds at 158 pounds, and the bout was a fair illustration of what two men who know nothing about the fistic game can do. Neither of them had the slightest notion of what clever fighting consisted of. They were sluggers pure and simple. They smashed all kinds of blows around, taking a chance upon their landing somewhere, while the spectators roared with laughter. The decision was a draw.

As fast as the principals left the stage they were placed under arrest and taken to the precinct station, where bail was furnished by bondsmen supplied by the club.

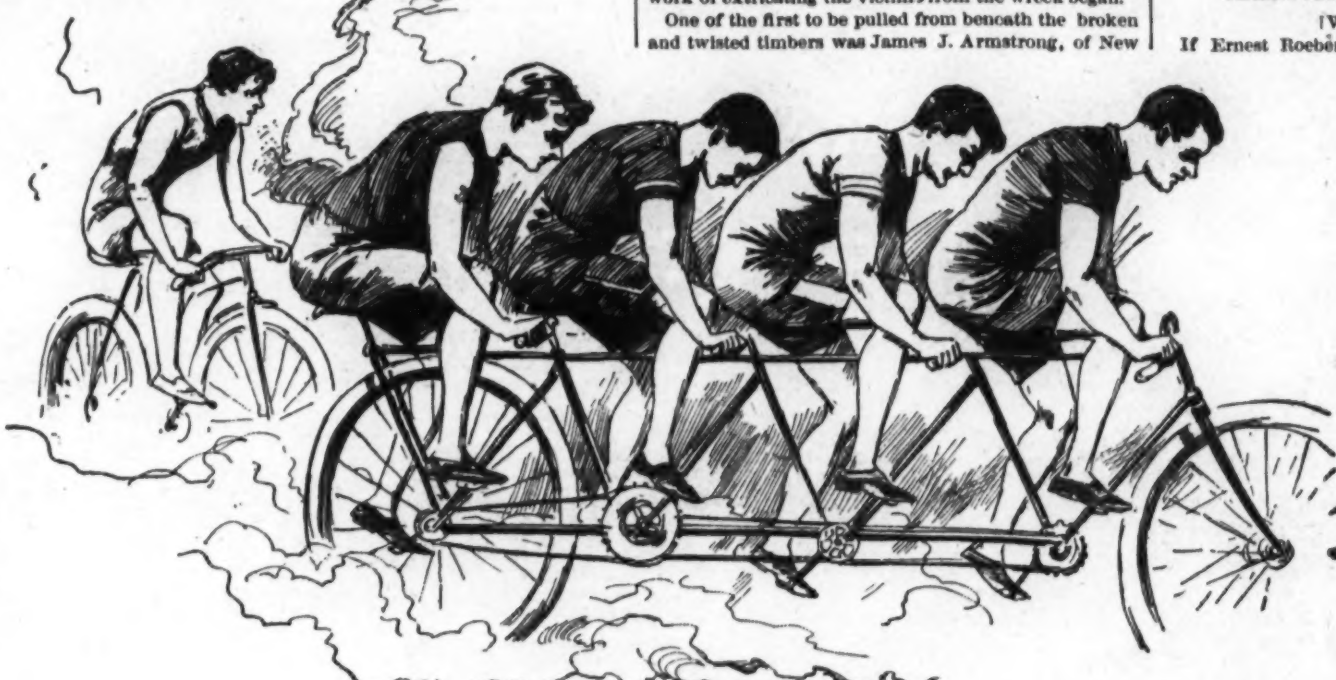
An examination will be held in a day or two.

You'll get it free, the colored supplement next week, The Twentieth Century Barmald.

ZIMMERMAN PACED BY A QUAD.

Not the least interesting of the many features of the national championship bicycle meet at Asbury Park, N. J., last week was the appearance of Champion Zimmerman, the hero of two continents. When Zimmerman appeared every man and woman seemed to get up on the stools and yell.

The truly great racer smiled like a pleased schoolboy and started along. He wore a black silk shirt—his old New York Athletic Club shirt



Zimmerman Paced by a Quad For a Record.

with the winged foot on the breast. Before he mounted Zimmerman said he wasn't in good form and he didn't expect to make the mile better than 2:08 or 2:10. Four professionals mounted the quad and started along in a wabby manner. Zimmerman followed, going around a couple of times to get warmed up. When they crossed the line these professionals began to work. They made up their minds that they would run away from the champion. The pace grew faster, Zimmerman's wheel trailing along closely. It seemed to vary not two inches. He looked as if he could have passed the four men on a rail at any time he pleased. When he came around the crowd saw how beautifully Zimmerman rides. They saw how he crouched so that his body offered the slightest resistance to the wind. They saw how perfectly rigid his body and head were. He never sways from side to side. They saw the tremendous power in his leg drive, the smoothness of his ankle work and how cleanly it sent his wheel along. When they entered the stretch on the finish Zimmerman drew out and shot by that quad, although the four tried to beat him, and crossed the tape in 1:57 4-5, the fastest mile ever made on the track by a rider. This was on the second attempt. When Zimmerman first tried it his pneumatic tire exploded. It went off like a pistol report. That crowd of 8,000 or more people, the largest that ever saw a race at a league meeting, waited fifteen minutes for Zimmerman to fix his wheel.

Colored supplement next week—The Twentieth Century Barmald.

KIDNAPPED THE BRIDE.

Mrs. William James, eighteen years old, a bride of a few weeks, was carried away by force recently from Indianapolis by a man supposed to be William Lowe, a rejected suitor of Mrs. James.

Mrs. James went to Indianapolis from Zionsville a few days ago to visit her husband's sister, Mrs. Sleuter. They were sitting on the porch about dusk when a man who Mrs. Sleuter is positive was Lowe drove up in a buggy and carried Mrs. James away. He was armed, and the terrified woman offered no resistance.

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ATLANTIC CITY'S DISASTER.

Disastrous Ending of the Annual
Reunion of the B. P. O. Elks

OVER 200 VISITORS INJURED.

J. J. Armstrong, Prominent in Theatrical
Circles, Among the Seriously Hurt.

HOTELS WERE USED AS HOSPITALS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The grand ninth annual reunion of the B. P. O. Elks has ended in a terrible disaster, which resulted in the serious maiming of over two hundred of the visitors.

It was the occasion of the grand social season, and it was held in the beach Casino, an old and long-unused building at the Ocean end of Baltic avenue.

The second floor was utilized for the session, and it was one solid mass of people. The festivities had only commenced, and Meade D. Detwiler, the chairman, had just bowed out the first speaker, James J. Armstrong, of New York, and was in the act of introducing Perry Williams, of Brooklyn, when the lights suddenly went out, and with a terrible grinding crash the mammoth building collapsed.

The scene which ensued baffles description. The audience of thousands disappeared in the yawning vortex of the broken timbers.

An alarm of fire was hurriedly turned in, and the entire force of firemen hurried to the work of rescue.

The police patrol and a large force of wagons and carriages were pressed into service as ambulances, and under the light of many hastily procured lanterns the work of extricating the victims from the wreck began.

One of the first to be pulled from beneath the broken and twisted timbers was James J. Armstrong, of New

very many ways, he easily improved upon the former champion's style. Corbett devotes more or less time to the study of new ring tricks. In his time he has invented one or two little moves, which have been of great benefit to himself and of considerable harm to his opponents. Peter Jackson was probably the first man since Jem Mace was active in the ring to depend largely upon his left hand. Corbett has this same idea, and he is quite as quick and every bit as effective with that member as Jackson.

Charley Mitchell, well posted as he was about boxing, admitted that the apparently light left-hand hook punch which caught him on the chin in the second round of the Jacksonville battle, and really proved to be the beginning of the end of the engagement, was a new one on him.

Even this early in the campaign, Corbett has partially mapped out his plans for the fight. He does not underrate the pugilistic ability of the auburn-haired New Zealand blacksmith, who has bowled over more than one favorite since he arrived in this country. Corbett does not believe the fight will be a lengthy one. He does not propose to take any chances, and should Fitz decide to play a waiting game he will find that his opponent is well prepared to remain in the ring a week, if necessary. On the contrary, if Fitzsimmons should decide to force the fighting in the early stages of the battle, Corbett's latest invention, which he calls a rib-roaster, may have something to do with changing his opponent's tactics.

This blow is not unlike the right-hand body punch described in the books on boxing. Corbett has improved on this punch so that it can almost be called a new one. In order to furnish an opportunity for the use of it, Corbett's opponent must lead with his left. This lead is ducked and then before the opponent has a chance to recover himself the rib-roaster has done its work.

Corbett's left hand is held in such a position that an effective upper-cut is practically out of the question, and his head is bent down so that a possible attack by his opponent's right will not be dangerous, but will slide around his neck. As he delivers the blow Corbett wheels towards his opponent, throwing the whole weight of his body with the punch. Of course, Jim does not calculate on landing this blow every time he attempts it, but he protects himself so well that even in case of failure he is able to recover and get out of harm's way in a jiffy.

CHAMPION ROEBER'S VICTORIES.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

If Ernest Roebér, the "Police Gazette" champion wrestler, were not so modest a man he would immediately sit down and write a book of his experiences in throwing champions of Germany, Russia and Poland during the past year. If such a book is ever written, and written properly, it will be as graphic a volume as any man would want to read.

Roebér left New York on July 27, 1894, and returned on June 29, 1895, as the unquestioned, undisputed and unbeaten champion of the world. During the year he has been away he has won one hundred victories and never once been defeated. He has met the best men that Germany, Poland and Russia could produce, and when it is understood that wrestling stands as high in those countries, it will be readily seen that his victories were not shams, but well earned.

The worst experience the American wrestler had was when he met Petlasinski, the mighty champion of Russia and Poland. When Roebér appeared in the ring he found Petlasinski ready to oppose him. The audience was worked up to a high

pitch of enthusiasm, because the Russian was a popular idol—their greatest athlete. They cheered him and jeered the American. Roebér wanted a carpet to wrestle on; the Russian wanted bare ground, and during the controversy the excitement became intense. When they were ready, Roebér, as is customary, offered his hand, but the Russian rushed in and punched him in the chest with both fists.

Roebér took a few seconds to recover and then he got an arm grip, and in less than no time had Petlasinski's head in chancery. The people had ceased cheering; they were breathless.

There was something new for them in the sight of their giant champion being handled in that unceremonious manner. They couldn't understand it, but they felt it would be all right later on. Then Roebér got a half Nelson lock and gave the Russian a squeeze.

"Mother of God, save me!" shrieked Petlasinski. Before the yell was out of his mouth, and while the people were twisting and turning in their seats wondering what was going to happen next, Roebér got a three-quarter Nelson and turned his man in 1 minute and 35 seconds amid the most tremendous excitement.

As Roebér went to his dressing-room the Russian's wife followed him, beating him over the head and shoulders with an umbrella, but he took the punishment rather than raise his hand to a woman.

Just as he was about to enter his room, Petlasinski rushed up to him and, turning him around, kicked him in the stomach.

By this time the Russians seemed to be pretty well aware that their hero and idol was defeated, and they surged in a crazy mob about the place where Roebér had taken refuge.

Finally, in order to protect him from the infuriated mob, the police took Roebér in custody. The Russian claimed that Roebér had maliciously bitten him and broken his arm, but this was found to be untrue, and Roebér was released. Then the Russian sued for damages, but was defeated.

Colored supplement next week—The Twentieth Century Barmald.

Makes Money--Draws Trade.

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BARRY KNOCKS OUT ROSS.

After a contest that was short and sweet—less than two rounds—Jimmy Barry, of Chicago, defeated Dave Ross, of Cambridge, Mass., in the Cambridge Union Club, Boston, before an audience of 2,600 persons. The contest was for the 119 pound championship of America. The knockout delivered in the second round and three quick lefts did the business. At the third blow Ross went down and Referee Caldwell began to count him out. He made three ineffectual attempts to rise, but never gained his feet.

After the winner had been declared Bob Cunningham, of New York, asked Parson Davies for a match with Barry. No answer was given at the time but a meeting to talk it over was arranged for the near future. Mike Sears, of Lewiston, Maine, also challenged Barry and his deft was accepted.

The preliminary bout of the evening was between Bob Armstrong, the Parson's heavyweight black, and Walter Johnson, of Boston, also colored, at catch-weights, for six rounds. At the conclusion of the contest the referee gave the men a draw.

CORBETT'S NEW RIB-ROASTER.

Science in pugilism has taken rapid strides since the days when Jem Mace practiced the tricks which gave him the reputation of being the cleverest man that ever engaged in the game. To-day Mace would be rated among novices and tyros, so adept have the "knights of the knuckles" become in the manipulation of their "fives." Sullivan originated a style of fighting with gloves which at once became popular, and still remains so. Corbett came along, and, while unlike Sullivan in



END OF A LONG TRAMP.

FRED MILLER AND HIS DOG CONCLUDE A TRIP FROM NEW YORK TO JACKSONVILLE AND RETURN.



ATLANTIC CITY DISASTER.

REMOVING THE WOUNDED FROM THE CASINO WHERE THE B. P. O. ELKS HAD BEEN IN SESSION.



DEATH IN THE STORM.

MRS. C. H. FRANZ, OF ELGIN, ILL., AND SEVEN OTHERS DROWNED BY THE CAPSIZING OF THE BOAT DISPATCH ON GENEVA LAKE, WIS.

SPORT OF ALL SORTS.

Events of Passing Interest that Merit Criticism.

DEFENDER IS ALL RIGHT.

Freedman is Anxious to Buy Baseball Pennant Winners.

CYCLE RACERS NOW IN CLOVER.

Yachtsmen of America, you can take heart and calmly await the results of the international match. You can, furthermore, rest assured that the Defender is fast and will be faster. You can read with equanimity all the stories about the marvelous creation that has been turned out on the other side of the water as the cup challenger, and, reading it, congratulate yourselves that you will see some very interesting races next autumn, and, seeing them, have an opportunity to shout.

The Defender, in short, is a satisfactory yacht, and, please the very critical men who own her and will manage her in the battles to come. Those gentlemen have expressed themselves satisfied; they supplement the expression of satisfaction by one of gratification. And these men are not only hard to please, but they have been and will be exacting. It is not alone the fact that the Defender has cost a fabulous amount of money, and will cost a great deal more, but behind it and above all else is the duty which, as patriotic citizens, they owe to their fellow-countrymen, that duty being the protection of the "blue ribbon of the sea" against the assaults of the enemy.

Feeling this great responsibility, they have in so many words said: "We are pleased and satisfied." If they are pleased and satisfied, the great army of patriots and well-wishers of the Defender, whose eyes have been turned in this direction for so many weeks, need not feel dissatisfied, but on the contrary, in the very best of spirits.

The reason for this jubilation was because of the splendid results furnished by the trial in which the Defender participated. It is easy enough to say, "fast boat," "a wonder" or a "world beater," when a boat is sailing by herself, for then one's enthusiasm is apt to overcome one's judgment, but when two boats sail together, the facts and figures of their sailing speak for themselves, and there is little possibility of exaggeration or hyperbole. The trial of the Defender was not simply a sail-stretching excursion, but was an up and up race with the Columbia, a boat which, though not the fastest of the American single-sticker fleet, is still fast enough to put any boat to her best when it is bent her, and to make comparisons a matter of at least reasonable certainty.

Defender made a gain of seven minutes for a 15-mile run to leeward, which is a very conservative estimate. This would give a beating of 35 minutes to the Columbia over a cup course, something which seems almost impossible to believe, but which the facts and figures of the sailing show to be very close to correct. The designer of the Vigilant, Columbia and Defender has evidently made a ten-strike in his latest production. The Defender is showing the speed which was to be expected from her finely modeled hull and well-balanced and arranged sail plan. She may not be a world-beater and may not successfully defend the America cup, but it would be hard to find any one in Yankeland who holds such an opinion or who would not be willing to give odds that Valkyrie III. would be beaten as handily as any challenger ever sent by our British cousins to recapture "The blue ribbon of the sea."

Interest in athletic affairs is now on the increase, promoted by the forthcoming contest between Yale and Cambridge, to take place in this country next November. This is the result of the joint challenge of the English universities to Yale and Harvard, which Harvard was too modest to accept. The punishment for this exhibition of childishness falls solely on Harvard, as it is proper that it should. Yale has stepped in as the representative of American college athletics, and her pick has been rewarded by an agreement for a meeting with Cambridge, the winner in the Oxford and Cambridge contest at the Queen's Club Grounds on July 3. Such an event is of historic importance, and the records of the competing colleges will be studied with interest. In the contest with Oxford recently Cambridge won five out of the nine events, being first in putting the shot, in the one-mile run, the three-mile run, the 440-yard dash and the broad jump. In the Yale contest there is to be no three-mile run.

Yale's standing at the intercollegiate games in May was first in the running broad jump, in putting the shot and throwing the hammer. She was second in the 100-yard dash and in the 220-yard dash, and second and third in the hurdle race.

Of the eleven coming events, only eight were contested at the Queen's Club Grounds. Of these two are reasonably certain for Yale. There is no one in England who can come near to Hickok with the hammer or the shot. Richards ought to win the 100 yards, and his chance is equally good in the 220 yards. In the high jump Sheldon, with a record of 5 feet 8 inches, might tie Lubbock, who was beaten by Gardner of Oxford at 5 feet 9; last year he tied Oakley of Oxford at 5 feet 8. The broad jump ought to go to Sheldon, who has a record of 22 feet 11 inches in the Oxford match last year, while Mendelson of Cambridge broke the English record last week with 22 feet 5 1/2. Over the hurdle race of Yale will undoubtedly give Pilkington of Cambridge a close race. In the mile race Lutyns is faster than any man Yale has to produce, and probably is the half-mile.

This showing gives Cambridge the lead in only two events, with three wholly uncertain, while Yale has a reasonable certainty of three events, and should be a favorite for three others. Yale is also favored by the home climate, which counts for something. But the contestants are well enough matched to justify the assertion that the result cannot be decided beforehand, and it will be a beautiful contest.

The cycle racer is in clover. All over the country "meets" have been projected and await the coming of the campaigners. The championship affair at Asbury Park, N. J., last week was the culmination of the spring and early summer campaign, and now the cyclists are distributing themselves all over the country, availing themselves of the best opportunities for winning the valuable prizes hung up for competition. Following Asbury Park, the main circuit chasing will begin, and the party of nearly a hundred will be together for the first time in the season. The Morgan & Wright team of nearly a dozen men; the Monarch team with Riles as the star; the Rolpa team, with E. K. Anderson, the Spalding, Stearns and a number of others, will then be in the party. From Asbury Park the circuit chasers will go westward, stopping at Baltimore, and then into Pennsylvania to Williamsport, which must be a number of the men will cut for the Battle Creek meet in Michigan. Then into Ohio. There are more national circuit points in Ohio this season than ever before, and for two weeks the circuit runs through Ohio, and makes two points in Indiana before reaching Chicago. The trip to Minneapolis is a long one, and it is doubtful if a great number of the party will take it. The Canadian circuit, which will follow Marquette in Wisconsin, Milwaukee, and Mount Clemens, Mich., is composed of seven cities. For the meets in the State of Ohio two cities are going to make a reputation and incidentally advertise their towns by giving record meets. These cities are Wagoner and Newark. The latter city is giving \$2,000 worth of prizes for the one day, and is confining the races to Class B events and to the professional racing.

While on the subject of bicycle affairs it behooves me to say that the manufacturers who support racing teams

affirm that they are content to have their men race in class B this year, so that it is more than likely that the professional racing will be purely experimental this season. As a result of this determination, it seems likely that the L. A. W. and the Board of Trade will agree to the league maintaining jurisdiction over professional racing this year, with some modifications of the present racing rules, so that at the next meeting of the National Assembly in February steps can be taken for the revision of the racing department of the L. A. W. It is reported that the only basis upon which the bicycle manufacturers are inclined to support professional teams, pay their expenses to race meets, etc., is upon the division of the purses between the racing men and their employers. The leading class B riders, who were reported to be about to jump to the professional ranks after the championship races, now realize that the manufacturers are not disposed to support professionals this season, and as a consequence assert that they will remain where they are.

The release of Walter Sanger, the professional rider, from the Spalding team, and the reported indifference of the bicycle manufacturers to professionalism, have had a most discouraging effect upon the riders who aspired to race for cash purses, and the cohorts of men whom Thomas Kirk, the professional trainer, has been inculcating with the germs of professionalism now observe a strict silence. It is likely, then, that the only new recruits to the professional ranks this year will be men whom the chairman of the L. A. W. Racing Board sees fit to expel from the amateur, or Class B rank.

It doesn't often fall to the privilege of people to be passive spectators to a railroad collision. When such things happen, it is at inopportune times that do not afford would-be spectators a chance to assemble. Mr. A. L. Streeter, an old-time western railroad man, has devised a novel entertainment in the shape of a scientific collision between two 40-ton engines, to take place at Canton, O., on July 30. As I understand it, the two Leviathans will be started from opposite points, a mile apart, signal being given by the firing of a cannon. They will be rated at a mile a minute, meeting at an objective point under full headway. For novelty in conception, this new sport takes the proverbial cake.

The Manhattan Athletic Club, of New York finds itself facing another crisis. Pending a settlement of what is to be done under the new administration announcements are in order. The latest is as follows: "For some time past reports have been in circulation to the effect that the new Manhattan Athletic Club would pass into the control of various sporting men. In order to set all such rumors at rest, Senator Cantor, who now has charge of the organization, says: 'I will continue to manage the affairs of this club, and assure all members that they can depend on the enjoyment of all the privileges which the fine house affords. It is my intention to maintain the club as an organization where club men can have all the benefits incident to a first-class institution of that kind. No special feature will be developed to the neglect of other essentials, and while there will be boxing and other entertainments they will not be predominant.' Just what Senator Cantor means the members do not know. One essential the club is not forgetting is coin, in any and all shapes—silver, gold or paper. When this organization was reorganized a well-known New Yorker received a ticket of membership. He returned it with a letter declining the opportunity offered. A few days ago he was astonished to receive a letter from the club stating that it had a claim against him for dues, which would be taken to the courts if he did not settle. No reply was sent to this letter, and the New Yorker is awaiting the legal steps which may be taken.

It is not generally known that when John S. Johnson beat Walter Sanger and Harry Tyler at Waltham track, on July 4, he swung out a new world's record for the mile competition for professionals. He rode the second heat in 1:58 2/5, which was 1 1/8 second faster than his previous effort, made at Toronto. The quad was manned by Pat O'Connor, Al Weing, Connolly and Berle. Johnson caught the quad, Harry Tyler following closely, Sanger trailing. No change resulted during the first lap, but in the second the pace became too hot for Tyler, and at the end of the second he was compelled to drop back to third place, which caused Sanger to lose his running. He made a desperate effort to catch the flyers ahead of him, but fell out of the race, as did Tyler, before reaching the three-quarter mark. Johnson, held the quad, and when coming down the homestretch he started to sprint past the pacemakers, but they were too strong for him, and pulled away, crossing the tape slightly in the lead, placing another world's record to Johnson's credit by their efforts.

President Freedman is in a frenzy of excitement these days, and if money could win that National League pennant for New York, it would fly from the flagstaff of the baseball park next season. He is prejudiced against Ward, and it is nothing but natural. A combination of newspaper writers are evidently pulling for John Montgomery Ward, and are "damaging" Freedman at every turn. In speaking about the New York Club and its players, Freedman the other day said: "Just to show the public that I am here to provide a winning team, I will say that I stand ready to put up money for any star player, whether a catcher, pitcher, infielder or outfielder. I propose to put up money for talent, and if I can't get the talent now it is because the clubs that have the men I want won't sell. I have offered in good faith \$10,000 for Burkett and McKean, \$6,000 for Breitenstein, \$5,000 for Rly of St. Louis, \$7,500 for Turner or Delehaney and \$2,500 for the pick of two men in the Louisville team. I also told Anson to name his own terms for Shortstop Dahlen. In each of these cases I have been unable to make a deal because the clubs can't afford to let the men go while the present season is on. But I want to say right here that I will not spare expense to land the best players in the country when the time comes.

"Meanwhile I have every confidence in Manager Doyle. He is young, ambitious, conscientious, and, best of all, is in the baseball business to stay. Doyle will receive a thorough trial, and he will also have absolute control of the team."

It is a valid objection to the proposed flying man that one logical consequence of his success would be the prevalence of the flying burglar, and a burglar with wings would undoubtedly be hard to capture. In the present stage of bicycling it is a valid objection to this interest that the highwayman on wheels has an advantage alike over his victims and over his pursuers. The enemies of society are utilizing this latest refinement of invention with alarming results. Fitzroy, the Greenwich, Conn., burglar, came to grief merely because his stolen wheel had no brake. The bicycling highwaymen who robbed Mr. and Mrs. Britt, of Haldon, N. J., have escaped recognition or pursuit. We may expect to hear further of them.

This novel development of the industry of the road is not accident, but evolution. The great deeds of Claude Duval and Turpin and Sixteen-String Jack were possible when the highwayman's Black Bess was faster than the lumbering coach. Under present conditions of good roads and wheeling records the opportunity is offered to the bicycling burglar or highwayman. His career will last until the rural constable with the red-wheeled buggy and the clay-bank horse is superseded by a new class of bicycle experts clothed with authority and fleetness, and the time seems to be ready for this change.

DOMINO.

DEMPSEY A PHYSICAL WRECK.

The Ex-Champion Pugilist Has to be Carried From the Steamer.

A telegram from Vancouver, B. C., July 12, says: Jack Dempsey, ex-champion pugilist, passed through this city to-day en route to Portland, Ore., where he will reside in the future. Dempsey is a physical wreck, and looks as though he had only a short time to live. During the journey he fainted more than once, and for the presence of a lady who was traveling on the same train it is doubtful if he would have arrived here alive. The ex-champion had to be carried from the train to a steamer, and his haggard appearance caused general comment. He is accompanied by Mrs. Dempsey.

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FITZ BEGINS TO TRAIN.

The Challenger for Championship Honors at Coney Island.

TALKS ABOUT THE BIG FIGHT.

Devotes his Leisure Time to Chickens and Sightseeing.

ONE DAY IN "PUGILIST'S PARADISE."

"Around by the side gate. Yes, that's it! You'll find Bob back there with his chickens," said a sweet, musical voice, and a pleasant-faced woman, in a loose, flowing gown, with a rough straw hat, such as bathers wear, perched jauntily upon her head, dashed into the house, as if tired of being seen thus attired by any eyes other than those of the big, heavy, deep-chested man whom she calls "husband."

Such was my introduction to Lewis Cottage, Surf avenue, Coney Island, where Bob Fitzsimmons, the undisputed holder of the title of middleweight champion pugilist of the world, is spending the few summer months pending his departure for Dallas, Tex., where he hopes to accomplish the self-imposed task of knocking the figurative chip off Jim Corbett's shoulder, and by so doing enriching himself to the tune of \$51,000, besides acquiring the title of heavyweight champion of the world and possession of the "Police Gazette" heavyweight trophy emblematic of supremacy in the field world. The cottage is delightfully situated near the surf, yet sufficiently removed from the noise and din of Coney Island proper to make it of little annoyance to its inmates. It is a large, roomy affair, with broad piazzas, and is surrounded by a beautiful lawn. It is occupied by Bob, his wife and six-year old boy, Charley. From the joy and happiness that reigns within, the cottage might very appropriately be called "Pugilist's Paradise."

Back of the house, behind a wire enclosure, I found the object of my search. Fitzsimmons' costume was in keeping with the occupation he was engaged in. An old pair of trousers, frayed and worn at the bottoms, encased his rather extremities. A tight-fitting sweater, cut open at the armholes, exposing his huge arms and shoulder muscles, and a soft brown hat, ornamented with long chicken feathers, completed his somewhat unique attire. He was building a chicken house, and scarcely looked up from his work more than long enough to say, "Hello! I'll be through in a minute."

"Yes, this is the way I'm spending my time; no training to speak of, but enough in the way of little jobs about the place to keep me busy. Ain't those few ducks? Just get 'em down to-day," and he pointed in the direction of his poultry farm, of which he is seemingly very proud. "Two crates of young chickens came, too, but four of 'em were killed on the way; quarters pretty slow, and were trampled upon, I suppose." Thus he rambled along, punctuating his words with sturdy blows of the hammer, as he nailed the strips of light wood together.

"These young broilers make pretty fine eating," he continued, as he looked admiringly over his feathered possessions. "How Jim's mouth'd water to see 'em!"

"What Jim?" I inquired, just to lead his thoughts along into the pugilistic channel.

"Why, Jim Corbett," or Corbett, as he pronounced it, with a decided emphasis on the final syllable. "Bet he don't have anything finer on 'the farm,' does he?" He shook his head and grinned, as he doubtless contemplated with serene anticipation the enjoyment with which he would devour a quartette of fat pullets at his next maternal meal.

Bang went the hammer, as the final nail was driven home, and then he emerged from the enclosure through a wire door and extended his massive right hand to his visitor. "Come upon the porch, and be comfortable, while I change my duds." His first thought was hospitality, for he said: "I've just run out of drinkables, but we'll take a walk up street and get a little something cool." With this, he disappeared within the house, and in a few minutes reappeared in an entire change of attire, a gray suit of knickerbockers and a light brown sweater.

As we walked along Surf avenue, in the direction of the spot where the big elephant, prodigiously commanding in appearance, looks down with pompous disdain upon the countless little side shows which make up that part of Coney Island irreverently alluded to as "The Boney."

Bob began to unbosom himself upon the subject nearest his heart.

"Win! Why, of course I'll win. If I didn't feel so I would never have made the match. Do people think I am a fool, to fight Corbett unless I have every confidence in myself? I am sure I could continue as the middleweight champion of the world and make matches and money in that class, if I felt the slightest doubt of my ability to whip Corbett, and as I am in the fighting business for the money there is in it, the public can rest assured that, barring an accident, there will be a new champion next October, notwithstanding the fact that Corbett will have at least 30 pounds the best of the weight when we come together. I don't expect to put on a bit of flesh more than I have on to-day, which will bring me to the ring side tipping the scale at 160 pounds."

Bob delivered the foregoing remarks in sections, so to speak, stopping now in front of a shooting gallery to wing a few paper mache ducks, then bringing up in front of the cats, where the ubiquitous "barker" invites you to try "three balls for five cents," promising you one cigar if you knock one down, two cigars if you knock two down, and three times tests his generosity to the extent of a half a dollar. Bob was so successful with the balls as he had been with the rifle he only hit one cat. I noticed, however, that he declined the offer proffered him as a reward for knocking one feline off his feet. Perhaps he was wise.

As we were quaffing the amber nectar of Gambrinus in front of mine host Cohens, Bob returned to the pugilistic subject.

"I will start in to do light work in the gymnasium to-morrow, which, with an occasional dip in the ocean and a daily ride on my wheel, will be sufficient exercise for me till about the middle of August, when I will start in to do heavy work. My brother-in-law, Martin Julian, will assist me in the work, while some other strong young fellow will spar and wrestle with me and help with the rubbing. You know that I don't need any professional trainers to look after me, as I am sincere to myself and do not need any watching, and have much to gain in this contest. In my opinion, a man who must have a trainer to watch him and insist upon a certain routine of work will not make a good pugilist. Of course, there might be exceptions to this rule, but they are few and far between."

"By the way, have you shot the chute yet?" he asked suddenly, and without waiting for a reply led the way to the only genuine novelty at Coney Island this season. Captain Paul Boyton, in whose fertile brain the idea of a water toboggan originated, after explaining the modus operandi of his new contrivance, which, by the way, was patronized on the previous Sunday by over 10,000 people, led the way to the top of the 'chute' and invited us to ride.

We rode and rode again, and then took another ride, and then sat down to look at others ride, meanwhile chatting upon various topics. Fitz spoke about his recent trial in Syracuse for the unfortunate death of Con Riordan, and condemned in severest terms the action of the District Attorney in what he called his "persecution." He discredited all rumors that implicated Corbett and his friends in any design to force his prosecution, which in the event of conviction and imprisonment would make the intended championship battle end in a fiasco, and which would permit Corbett to continue his theatrical venture without molestation or the possible prediction of 'ex' to his present title of champion.

"In fact," said Fitzsimmons, "I blame nobody but the District

Attorney. He forced my indictment by the Grand Jury, and pushed my trial with the hope of gaining a conviction, thereby adding to his own laurels through my misfortune, although he knew in his heart that I was no more responsible for Con Riordan's death than he was. He is a man who never was heard of outside of Syracuse, and never had a case that gained him any reputation during his term of office. Till this and affair gave him an opportunity to gain notoriety through me, as he knew all the ardent lovers of pugilism on both hemispheres would watch the progress of the trial, as the outcome would decide whether or not a world's championship battle would be fought this year."

When spoken to with reference to the statement made by the State Treasurer of Texas last week, in which he said that he would refuse to accept the \$500 fee for the issuance of the license for the fight, Fitzsimmons replied: "Why, Mr. Stewart, if my memory serves me right, told me that he and his friends in Dallas had paid the \$500 to the proper authorities, and that the license was issued and in their possession before he started East. I believe this State official is misquoted; at all events, I believe what Mr. Stewart told me, as he is a gentleman and would not make any statement to me or Corbett that is not true. In fact, I think that he is one of the finest gentlemen that has ever interested himself in pugilism, and the fight as conducted by him will be a grand success. It is a purely business venture with him, and will be carried along on strictly business principles."

As we walked along home the big pugilist brought up the reference question, and displayed some feeling on account of what he termed "discourteous treatment" by not having been consulted by the club people on the subject, forgetting, doubtless, that there had been no official conference yet held to determine this vital point. "I have seen in the papers," Fitzsimmons began, "that Brady has been saying that Mr. So and So can't be referee of this fight, and then again that another Mr. So and So is a very suitable person, and will probably be selected to fill the position. Now, I think Brady ought to be courteous enough to consult me in matters in which I have as much say as Corbett. However, I don't care what he says on the subject, as he will discover that I will be in the 'say' when the question of referee is to be decided. I have certain ideas about the referee who is to act in this fight, and the public can rest assured that whoever is selected will have to know the Queensbury rules from A to Z, and be a man of reputation. I intend to present the names of three gentlemen, and Corbett can do the same, from which we can choose a good, honest and capable referee."

As we neared the cottage I noticed that the broad piazza was tenanted by a young woman and a bright-faced lad, the former toiletied in a light summer gown that reflected her dazzling beauty and radiant loveliness. She arose as the gate swung open to admit us and smiled a greeting to the big man that walked beside me.

"This is my wife," he said, by way of an introduction, and the subject of pugilism was dropped.

You'll get it free, the colored supplement next week, The Twentieth Century Barmald.

PUGILISTIC SMALL TALK.

The talk of arranging a battle between Kid Lavigne and George Dixon has been revived.

Tommy West, of Boston, and Billy Gallagher, of San Francisco, are willing to fight at any club where a suitable purse can be obtained.

John Grotty, of Austin, Tex., is anxious to arrange a series of international pugilistic races, to take place in Texas during the week of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight.

Stanton Abbott knocked out Billy Duke in the eighth round at the opening of the decade Amphitheatre of the Eureka Athletic Club in Baltimore. It was to be a 15-round go.

The team which the London Athletic Club will send to America has been limited to fifteen men, and will be drawn from among the best men in the British Athletic Association.

Tommy Dixon, of St. Paul, Minn., has posted a \$500 forfeit to bind a match with George Dixon. Dixon in the west is looking for the loser's end of the \$7,500 purse to be paid for a Dallas preliminary.

Young Griffe is still in jail in Brooklyn awaiting trial. Some days ago he, with several other prisoners, was placed in line to afford a witness a chance to identify a murderer. The witness picked Griffe as the man. Now the Australian is sorry he left his home, and wants to get back as quickly as possible.

It is the belief of many among the sporting fraternity that if Shadow Maher trains faithfully for the twenty-round bout with Young Corbett, which is to be decided in the Riverside Athletic Club of Baltimore on July 19, he will defeat Corbett in very quick time. Maher is shifty and besides is very scientific.

If John L. Sullivan arranges to tour the big cities for a series of benefits under the management of Parson Davies, the results certainly should be very satisfactory to the contracting parties. For it is unquestionably a fact that Sullivan is still very popular, and with a good combination the public would respond liberally.

Peter Maher, in a letter to a friend, says that he is sorry his bout with Steve O'Donnell was not allowed to take place in the Seaside Athletic Club, as he was confident that he could give the big Australian as hard a fight as he ever had in his life, and expected to get the decision also. He also says he is willing to meet O'Donnell anywhere there is a purse offered.

Jimmy Handier, who has posted a forfeit for a limited round bout with Kid Lavigne, says that although Sam Fitzpatrick, Lavigne's manager, accepted the challenge, he failed to put in an appearance on the day mentioned by both parties to arrange the match. Handier says he will leave his forfeit up for two weeks more, and if Lavigne doesn't cover it he will look elsewhere for a match.

The Queens County Jockey Club has begun a meeting at Aqueduct Park. The track has been lengthened, and it is now one of the best mile tracks in the country. The homestretch is seven-sixteenths of a mile in length. In this respect it resembles Gutterburg. Neither trouble nor expense has been spared to make the track and its appurtenances the equal of any of the great tracks.

Capt. Anson and eight of his colts were placed on trial in Chicago for playing baseball in their own ball park on Sunday. All the witnesses for the defense agreed that the 6,000 or 8,000 people in the park made less noise than a political convention or a Salvation Army of equal size. Not one of them could imagine the noise made as being more disturbing than church bells, rumbling of wagons, processions or cable cars.

A twenty-three-round prize fight occurred on the shores of Onondaga Lake, near Liverpool, N. Y., on July 2, between James Murphy and Mike Croty, local lightweights, for a purse made up by the crowd attending. In the twenty-third round Murphy was knocked out. He broke his wrist in the third round and fought the last twenty rounds with a maimed hand. The District Attorney has obtained writ of the affair, which has been kept very secret, and many arrests are expected to shortly follow.

CALLED IT A DRAW.

But Tommy White Should Have Had the Decision Over Murphy.

The 30-round sparring match between Tommy White, of Chicago, and Billy Murphy, of Cincinnati, in Columbus, O., last Thursday night, was one of the prettiest and cleverest ever seen in that city. Both men were masters in the art of pugilism, and at the end neither man showed any signs of punishment. Murphy did most of the leading, but White was able to dodge all of Murphy's hard ones and to withstand his rushes, and repaid the Australian's blows with interest. White landed three times to Murphy's once, and as far as science went clearly bested his opponent. Murphy's leads were terrific, but he could never land squarely. White plainly had the best of the battle, and there were loud cries for the Chicago boy at the finish. The decision of the referee in calling the contest a draw was greeted with a storm of disapproval.

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Why Private Glove Fights are not Popular with New York Sports.

JOHN L. AND CORBETT "COMRADES."

The question whether there will be a fight on Oct. 31 or not seems to annoy nobody so much as it does the ubiquitous young men whose duties are to disseminate news, as it is manufactured in Dallas, Tex., throughout the United States. The opinions of these young men are as variable as the mind of a blushing miss, with her first beau. To-day they send out the most glowing reports regarding the situation. They paint the probabilities in roseate hues, draw pen pictures of the enthusiasm that rises within the breast of every Texan; and give highly tinted reports of the favor in which the scheme of holding the fight is favored by the people; they quote the laws appertaining to prize fighting, venture opinions, sometimes grave and weighty, and other times light and frothy. Seen through their eyes, when the mercury in the fistic thermometer is up, there is not a chance for the scheme to fall through, and based upon the assumption that "Johnny on the spot" knows what he is talking about, the sports throughout the country begin preparations to see themselves Texasward.

Everything goes along smoothly for a day or two, when the serene contemplation of things is disturbed by a report that the legal status of affairs has assumed a menacing aspect; the fight won't take place; the Law and Order element is opposed to it. The Pastors' Association has requested an opinion regarding the legality of prize fighting from the Attorney General of the State. That imposing personage, who has a penchant for noting out a lot of things that nobody wants to know anything about, succeeds, after some consideration and more or less trouble, in unearthing a section of the new penal code, an amendment to the Constitution, a recently enacted law, or something or other which makes it prohibitory for two men to engage in any sort of a contest upon which money has been wagered. Then it transpires that the State Comptroller refuses to issue the license, which the same young men had with unblinking effrontery told a week or so before had been issued and reposed safely in prosecutor Stewart's pocket. Then Gov. Culberson takes a hand, (which, by the way, is only a fair bluff), and assures the delegation of ministers that calls upon him that if there is anything in the law to justify his interference he can be depended upon to do his duty. A cagey old jellier is the Governor; he knows that the fight will be a good thing for Texas, and, sub rosa, of course, is interested in its success.

While these doubts and fears are uppermost in the minds of those who only have a quasi interest in the affair, the principals are going on with their arrangements for holding the fight as calmly and serenely as if no law existed in the Lone Star State; no pastors to worry about the community's morals; no State attorneys to give adverse opinions; no controllers vested with power to refuse licenses; no Governors to take advantage of their rights to interfere; no etc., etc. One of the reasons for Manager Stewart's seeming indifference is based upon an opinion submitted recently by Judge George Clark of Waco. This distinguished expounder of legal lore, after tearing the statutes to rags in a careful study and patient research, makes the following sweeping deductions:

"(1) That the original act of 1891 was wholly inoperative. (2) That when its provisions were re-enacted in the Penal Code of 1895 it was still inoperative for want of some court to try the offense. (3) That the law was repealed by the Revised Statutes, which go into effect Sept. 1, 1895. (4) That there is no law upon the statute books of Texas prohibiting pugilistic encounters, and that upon a payment or tender of a license fee prescribed for such exhibition there is no lawful power in the State under the present laws to interfere with the exhibition."

Armed with this formidable interpretation of the law, and supplemented with another opinion submitted by Hon. Wm. Crawford, whose legal learning Dallas folk are fond of alluding to as the acme of possibility, attorneys representing the Stewart syndicate called upon the Attorney-General for a conference in reference to the constitutionality of the law prohibiting fights. This proceeding was actuated by a desire to have the question determined in a court of law, action being hastened by the arrest of Cavanaugh and "Brighteyes," two local fighters who met at Galveston last week.

Attorney General Crane is known to have expressed his belief that the law is perfectly sound, and that the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight will never take place in Texas. Comptroller Finley, in refusing a license to the pugilists, is understood to have acted under the Attorney General's advice. With such a conflict of opinion, the outcome of the prosecution of Cavanaugh and Brighteyes will be watched with unusual interest. It is likely that the Florida Athletic Club, through Stewart, of Dallas, will employ the best lawyers in the State to defend the pugilists, for upon the decision will rest thousands and thousands of dollars. The opinion in Dallas is that the Attorney General will hold to the law until the Supreme Court declares it unconstitutional.

Among Texas people the general sentiment is in favor of the fight. Several men with a taste for statistics have in previous years figured out what a heavy weight fight between champions means in a financial way to a town. Properly conducted, immense sums of money are spent by the visitors, for \$25 admission fees are as easily paid as \$2. When Mitchell and Corbett fought at Jacksonville there was so much uncertainty about the affair taking place that thousands of men remained at home, and the Jacksonville hotel proprietors and merchants opened their eyes in astonishment over the way the money flowed. Dallas is many miles further away than Jacksonville, but it does not appear that there will be any uncertainty, so that the prospects of reaping a rich harvest of money are excellent.

At last it has been settled that there will be no battles previous to the big event. Any additional bouts that may be put on will come off after Corbett and Fitzsimmons have settled their controversy.

This is obviously a shrewd move on the part of the managers. In previous pugilistic carnivals it has been the custom to put the lower fights on first and reserve the big event for the last night. Should this be done in Dallas and any accident happen to the principals of the "certain rains," the chief event might be prevented. At the present time the plan is to have two bouts on nights succeeding the big affair. Dixon and Plimmer may be the contestants in one, and the probabilities are that Maher and O'Donnell will be selected for the wind-up. The entire programme will be arranged within a few days.

The legal controversy does not prevent the projectors of the affair from going ahead with their arrangements for the fight. With a huge diagram of the interior of the arena before him, Dan Stewart sits all day in his office in the Aster Building in Dallas, receiving orders for seats, which are reserved in the order of their acceptance, first come first served. He reports things to be booming from that standpoint. There will be accommodations for over 50,000 people according to the diagram. Work on the arena is now going on, and the outlook is very bright for its being finished long before the date upon which it will be required.

Tommy Dixon is making something of a flash in the pugilistic pan, with a view taking Plimmer's place in a fight with George Dixon at Dallas; he has challenged the latter, and re-

port has it that he has posted his forfeit money to bind him to any match he may agree to. For a man who claims the right to battle for a championship, the new Dixon is too little known. He was in the East this spring trying to get on a fight, but the local projectors of fistic entertainment evinced little desire to help him build up a reputation, and refused to give him a match. Joe Donovan of Chicago, in speaking of the new Dixon says:

"Although I do not know much of the new man except from occasional hearsay, it may be possible that he is about the best thing to stack against the original Dixon at 118 or 120 pounds, which he claims to be his condition measure."

"The western Dixon has not been heard of much till lately; in the early part of last winter he was talking something of being the champion featherweight of Canada without getting attention from any of his brethren, but what appeared to give him the rocket-boost tendency was his recent defeat of Oscar Gardner, known as the Omaha Kid. The Kid was rated a good, hard man, especially since his go with Solly Smith last winter, in which the Omaha man traded knockdowns freely with Solly, and seemed, if the accounts of that go may be relied on, to have had the most rattled that he did not know what he was about. As that will ended the Kid got the decision in the fifth round on a foul from Solly. A feather that can mix up knockdowns with Smith and not get killed can scarcely be overestimated, and the class boxer that can defeat such a one as decidedly as Dixon was reported to defeat the Omaha Kid, certainly has promise enough to be given a trial with the best."

"If George Dixon just now is in too deep cogitation in regard to Billy Plimmer, perhaps it would not be a bad idea to bring the western Dixon and Solly Smith together. The westerner by this means would have ample opportunity to prove the sum of his apparent fistic size."

And now Alf Greenfield has passed over to the great majority. He died in an insane asylum near Birmingham, England, on July 10, after a short confinement. Greenfield was probably the last of the old school of British pugilists, practicing his art some years after Jim Mace had retired from active service. Greenfield was born in Northampton, England, in 1833. His first match of any importance was in the spring of 1877, when he was defeated by Pat Perry of Birmingham after an hour's hard fighting. Subsequently Greenfield fought three other battles and won two victories. Then came his visit to America and the beginning of his acquaintance with him. This was in 1883. For a year or so he drifted around boxing, sparring and fighting with indifferent success, until he got a chance to go against John L. Sullivan at Madison Square Garden. The big fellow was then in the heyday of his fame, and the question of his ability to defeat Greenfield never for a moment entered into the argument. The latter was simply content to take the short end of what money there was and a good hiding in the bargain. Well do I remember the contest. Sullivan was at his opponent with that dash and energy for which he was noted, and in two rounds had Greenfield going rapidly. Ex-inspector, then Captain, Williams, then brought the combat to a close, the decision being in the Boston boy's favor. Both men were arrested. They fought again two months later, this time in Boston, and the Britisher lasted four rounds. Greenfield's last appearance in the prize ring was with Tag Wilson for the championship of England. This battle was never reported, as it was asserted that the Prince of Wales and other notable witnesses the contest and did not want the fact published. During the fight Greenfield broke a small bone in his right forearm, and his backers, not wishing to see him defeated, stopped the fight, which was declared a draw.

Greenfield was one of the late Squire Abingdon Baird's dependents, and it is said in British fistic circles that it was the death of the sporting squire that first brought about the ailment that caused his death.

Some notoriety has been recently given to the probability that John L. Sullivan will be engaged as sparring partner for Corbett next season, and will be paid \$10,000 salary. From one point of view "Little Billy" Brady has demonstrated that he possesses sagacity and business acumen of no mean order; but I fear he is not so good a judge of human nature as I have credited him with being.

Operative Impressari say that the detail of managing a tour of forty weeks, is nothing compared to the task of reconciling the rival prime donne. Their jealousies, pettinesses, petty quarrels, and demands for attention has driven many a would-be mediator to an untimely grave.

As much might we expect oil and water to blend, as to see Sullivan and Corbett traveling together for a year in harmony and accord.

After the demonstration accorded John L. in New York the other evening, there is no longer any reason for disputing the fact that he is still the pugilistic idol. Throughout the country he is held in affectionate remembrance as the greatest fighter the world ever saw; and wherever he appears that fact is made apparent. The jealousy of a Melba or an Eames would be as nothing compared to the feelings of any one who attempted to share Sullivan's popularity. Corbett, as the star of his company, would never consent to divide honors with the man whom he vanquished and whose pugilistic crown he now wears; and for that reason I can easily see under what troublesome conditions such a combination of interests will end.

My first experience with the new order of things since boxing in athletic club houses was forbidden was not particularly enjoyable, and in no sense a treat. As an organization of straight sports, the Williams Athletic Club of New York has been noted for its prowess, but until the other night, when its regular monthly stag took place, the public had no idea how well the members of the Williams Athletic Club and their guests could swim. The headquarters of the club are at 47 Oliver street, and it is here that the monthly stag take place, but of late Captain Thompson of the Oak street station has been making things rather warm for the members of the club, and therefore it was deemed advisable to make an adjournment to the pier at the foot of Fulton street. The star event of the last "stag" was to be a boxing match between Red Burns and Jack Connors. Considerable interest was manifested in the fight, and 150 tickets had been sold in advance at \$1 apiece. The fight was to be a five-round affair. At 8:30 o'clock about 200 persons had gathered on the pier. Fearing that the police might get news of the "go," the club had stationed two scouts near the Oak street station to give the alarm in case of danger.

About 8:45, just as the second round of the fight was getting under way, one of the scouts hustled panting into the ring, crying "Cops! Cops!" Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when Capt. Thompson and a squad of police reached the pier on a dead run. All chance of escape by land was cut off, so with one consent, prize fighters, referee and spectators plunged into the river. By the time the police reached the end of the pier there was not a man in sight. Groans, shouts, oaths and splashes, however, came from the surface of the river.

Later, when Capt. Thompson was seen, he said: "I don't know what became of them all. We had not brought any fire escapes or life preservers along with us, and we didn't take any trouble to throw a rope to them. They didn't land at that pier again. That's all I know about it. At all events, if they didn't see the fight they had a swim for their money. And that's more wholesome in this sort of weather."

About 11 o'clock the members of the Williams Club began to gather at headquarters. A sorrier, more bedraggled looking lot the moon had never gazed upon. Fish stories will be at a discount on Oliver street for a long time to come. The stories of their natorial adventures that night will keep the local Munchausens busy for at least a month. One of the first arrivals told a graphic story of how he had swum to the Brooklyn Bridge and been rescued by a passing tug. The prize fighters, according to their own accounts, fared badly. They can't swim nearly as well as they can fight. Burns landed at Peck Slip, and Connors says he doesn't know the location of the spot where he was fished out, but it was a mighty long way from the jumping off place. As the members of the audience began to arrive there were loud cries for the return of the gate money. A member of the club elected himself spokesman and assured the audience that as soon as the treasurer arrived the money would be returned to them. Nothing has been heard of the treasurer. It seems

Men You all Know!

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that he lives in Brooklyn, and it is feared that under the excitement of the moment he may have swum straight home to save car fare. The monthly stag then adjourned indefinitely.

Nothing further has been heard from Plimmer regarding his intentions in the Dixon match. He has refused to consider any proposition that does not involve the latter's weighing 115 pounds at the ring side, which means in plain words that he does not wish to fight unless under such conditions as would practically give him an advantage. Dixon has stated that he cannot "do" the weight, and there the talk rests. I am of the opinion that Plimmer and Dixon will not come together.

SAM. AUSTIN.

You'll get it free, the colored supplement next week. The Twentieth Century Barnard.

CORNELL MADE A FINE RACE.

But Failed to Win the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley, England, last week.

Cornell's eight-oared crew failed to realize the expectations of their American friends by winning the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley. After securing an advantage of one boat by a preceding both questionable and unsportsmanlike, they contested the second heat with the Trinity Hall, Cambridge, eight. A desperate struggle for nearly a mile ensued, when Cornell lost all further chance of winning the Grand Challenge Cup by collapsing completely. The Irishmen lashed themselves to a standstill. The long, surprising stroke of their opponents thoroughly wore down the shorter, snappier stroke of the Americans, and in the end the Trinity Hall men finished nearly ten lengths in front, in the fast time of 7 minutes 15 seconds. While it lasted it was one of the grandest races ever witnessed, for, exert themselves as they would, neither was able to shake off the other. Both gave a fine exhibition of grit and pluck, and until Fennell sat 5, and Hagar sat 3, succumbed to the terrible strain, both crews had stuck to one another with grim determination.

Prompt to time, the two crews backed down to the stakeboat, Trinity Hall being sheltered from the wind on the Bucks side, while Cornell had the more exposed Berks station. Little time was out to waste, and the men were sent on their journey.

The crews clipped the water almost simultaneously, Trinity Hall dipping its oars into the water a shade of a second before the word had been given. Cornell, however, made up for this by its faster rate of striking the water, as the Irishmen lashed in 44 strokes in the first minute, while their opponents were content with 43. They had not gone far before the quicker rate had its effect, and, as they approached the bottom of the island—about a quarter of mile, the Cornell boat had shot out two or three feet. The Cornell boat increased its advantage inch by inch until at the half-mile post Fennell was on a line with the point of the Trinity Hall boat.

At this point the terrific rate of stroke seemed to have its effect on the Trinity Hall men, for the boat reeled slightly and some of the men rowed decidedly short. Still maintaining 44, Hall and his men were thus enabled to draw a shade further away, until at the Fawley Court Boathouse—half the journey—they were all but clear. The time at this point was 3 minutes 25 seconds.

Cornell's position roused the Trinity Hall men to fresh exertions and, rallying in wonderful style, they pulled every ounce there was in them at 38. Their boat soon began to creep up, and in spite of Hall's efforts to keep his men together at 43 in the minute, the Trinity Hall boat was on even terms after three-quarters of a mile had been compassed. The two crews then rowed for all they were worth, but the longer stroke of the Englishmen began to tell its tale, and they began to draw away perceptibly until opposite the Irishman Club quarters—nearly a mile—they were almost clear. Hall still struggled on gamely, but the extreme tension had its effect on Fennell, who cracked completely, and, unable to recover his oar promptly, the jar of the handle knocked him back almost into Freeborn's lap. Hagar, though struggling on in the gamut possible fashion, was rolling all over the boat, and one or two other men hung out signals of distress.

In the meantime the Trinity Hall crew had drawn right away, and seeing the plight of their opponents, reduced their rate of rowing until they finally paddled past the line, amidst deafening cheers, in 7 minutes 15 seconds.

As soon as the gun was fired, announcing Trinity Hall had passed the line, Fennell sank exhausted over his oar, and it was two or three minutes before he recovered sufficiently to sit up and swing with the men, as they rowed slowly up to their boathouse.

Fennell was immediately placed in a doctor's care. He did not faint, but had thoroughly rowed himself out.

The supporters of the Trinity accompanied the boat along the bank, cheering them with all sorts of cries, and the crew received a tremendous ovation when they crossed the finish line.

The Cornell men and their supporters are too much disgusted and chagrined to say much, but they are unanimous in the declaration that they would have won if Fennell had not given out.

When Fennell recovered his wind and strength the Cornell crew left the river and went to their quarters, followed by a crowd of their supporters. The crew was very reticent, and declined to answer any questions regarding the race.

All sorts of stories have been set afloat, purporting to give reasons for the failure of the Cornell crew, but the fact is that they were not in condition to row, and never would have been allowed to start had Courtney been able to be about and assert himself. The simple fact is that they were outworn because of overtraining, everybody regarding it as inconceivable that a crew of athletes in the heyday of youth and the pick of condition should not be able to go over a course of a little over a mile in a race in which only average time was made without being pumped out from bow to stroke.

The race was anybody's until within 200 yards of the finish, when the ill-conditioned men in the Cornell boat collapsed and the Irishmen were no longer in it.

The final heat was rowed on the following day, the contestants being Trinity Hall and New College. The former won by half a length, after one of the most desperate struggles ever seen on the Thames.

The Cornell men explain their position in the Leander matter in a letter which reads as follows:

"In view of the discussion over the action of the Cornell crew in Tuesday's race, we believe that the position of the Cornell in the matter should be clearly defined.

"The umpire, as we interpret the rules of racing, has entire control of a race after it has been started, and to disregard this command is sufficient reason to disqualify a crew. On Tuesday's usual question, 'Are you ready?' was asked, and as no negative was heard, by the umpire from either crew, the word 'Go' was given."

"Cornell started, and Leander also drew away from the post. We discovered that Leander had stopped rowing, but the umpire did not recall us, nor did he in any way indicate his desire to have us return. Had he done so we would have stopped at any point on the course. He followed us to the finish and awarded us the heat."

"Under the rules governing the race, as we understand them, had Cornell not rowed over the course we would have been liable to disqualification from entry into any subsequent heat, and thereby disqualified from further competition in the Grand Challenge contest. No one can regret the outcome of this lamentable affair more than the members of the Cornell crew. They certainly did not come to England to claim a race from the Leander or any other crew by default."

"The crew has never authorized any statement to the effect that Cornell would not consider a proposition for another trial between Leander and ourselves. However, we did not feel at liberty to suggest a contest until after the subsequent heats had been decided."

"It certainly would have been premature on the part of Cornell to take any action in the matter before the result of the subsequent heat in which the Cornell crew were to row, since Leander would undoubtedly not care to row us had we been defeated by another crew."

"So far as Cornell is concerned in connection with the Grand Challenge Cup, we acknowledge our defeat, after a hard race by Trinity Hall. We have no excuses to offer; we were fairly beaten, and we take this opportunity to express our sincere thanks to the English public for the many courtesies extended to us during our five weeks' sojourn in their country."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. N. D., Fort Sam Houston, Tex.—Where is the birthplace of John L. Sullivan? Boston, Mass.

M. F., Fort D. A. Russell, Wyo.—When did Frank J. Frayne, the actor, die? About two years ago.

H. S., Anacosta, Mont.—Who lifted the "Police Gazette" doublet of 1,225 pounds about three years ago? Kennedy.

J. A. H., Jr., New York.—What is the address of Charles Johnson, formerly banker of John L. Sullivan? Brooklyn, N. Y.

G. S., Trenton, N. Y.—Which steamship of the Atlantic line is the longest, the Lusitania or the City of Rome? Lusitania.

F. A. D., Salt Lake City.—What is the best treatise on what playing? The Police Gazette book of card rules. Price 25 cents.

G. B., Worcester, Mass.—If A bets that he can kill more birds in ten than B can, and each kills eight, does A lose the money? No; it's a draw.

L. M., St. Louis, Mo.—A and B play a game of pitch; the game is 11 points; A holds the ace and B has the deuce; both have 10 points; which goes out first? A.

F. H. H., Chittenden, Vt.—Why is Joe Yonig called Circular Joe? What nationality are Tommy Ryan's parents? I. Don't know. 2. French and Irish.

G. S. M., Bridgeville, Pa.—A bets Bob Fitzsimmons is an Englishman. B bets that he is an Australian. Who wins? A wins. He was born in Cornwall, England.

D. C. S., Galveston, Tex.—Would you please send me the weight of both Corbett and Mitchell when they fought at Jacksonville, Florida? Corbett 184, Mitchell 156.

F. M., Murphyboro, Ill.—Who is the better bag puncher, Corbett or Fitzsimmons? They have never contested, but in the opinion of many Fitzsimmons is the most expert.

O. W. R., Yellowstone Park.—In a prize fight A bets B that C would win the fight. B took the bet. The fight was a draw. Who wins? Neither wins. The bet is a draw.

M. E. F., Fentwater, Mich.—Will you let me know what a royal flush is, according to the right, ace, king, queen, jack, ten; or king, queen, etc.? From the ace down to the ten.

T. R. G., Warrenton, Va.—Two parties here have a wager on the result in the arms of Corbett and Fitzsimmons. Will you give the length of each? With arms outstretched they each measure 6 feet 3 inches.

H. & L., Unadilla, N. Y.—If a hook and ladder team challenges a team from another town for a race, which place should have the race; which team has the choice of grounds? The challenged team has the choice.

B. O., Fort Sheridan, Ill.—Will you give me the address of some reliable firm who handle show goods, ventriloquist dolls, etc.? The Police Gazette can furnish you anything you desire at the lowest prices. Send orders.

B. A. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.—A bets B that Billy Plimmer was defeated or a decision given against him in a contest in Philadelphia by a boxer by the name of Barney Reilly? There was no decision, but he was knocked down by Reilly.

H. F. W. K., Chicago, Ill.—H and M are playing casino; there is a 5 spot on the table and two 4s; H puts an ace on the 5 spot and makes them all 4s; M wants to put a 6 on them to make it 10. Can he do that? He cannot build on it.

D. G. B., Sanderson, Tex.—In playing a game of pitch A has nine, B has ten. A bids two and makes high, jack; B makes low. A says he goes out and B says he is out. Which is right? B wins. The points count high, low, jack, game.

F. H. K., Annapolis, Md.—In 100-yard foot race, with first and second prize, A and B tie for first place, and C comes in as third man; A and B run off tie, and when nearly through B sees that he cannot win, and so he stops. Who takes second money? B.

F. H. B., Carthage, Mo.—Did Sullivan's backers pay Mitchell's backers to have their battle in France declared a draw? If so, how much? There is no record of such a proceeding, and both Mitchell and Sullivan deny that any such arrangement existed.

M. C. F., Valparaiso, Ind.—What is the record of the champion high hurdle racer of the world, 130 yards; also what the record was Chase made in September in the New York Athletic Association? 15 3/5 seconds. Made by Chase at the New York Athletic Club games, Sept. 15, 1894.

J. P., Buffalo, N. Y.—How many rounds were fought between Jas. J. Corbett and Peter Jackson at San Francisco? What did they fight for? and what was the decision of the referee? Sixty-one rounds—\$8,500 to winner, \$1,500 to loser. Declared no contest, and each received \$2,500.

H. L., Spokane, Wash.—Please inform me at your earliest convenience who are the holders of the championship of America in broadsword and fell smeling, also their address if you have the same? Fells, A. V. E. Post, Fencers' Club, New York. Broadword, C. G. Bothner, New York A. C., New York.

J. S., New Market, N. H.—If a man wins a prize, say a load of wood, pair of shoes or anything of the kind, and takes the prize, keeps it for two or three days and sells it, does that make him a professional? If it becomes known that he sells his prize the Amateur Athletic Union would declare him a professional.

E. B. G., —Will you inform me how to become a professional carman? As I am now situated, I have not the time or means to join a boat club, and besides, I don't know where I could hire a very light boat or shell to practice in. "Angels" are plentiful in the world. Look for one up your way who has some money to burn.

E. A. C., Fairmont, Md.—Would you think it sure game to put one thousand on Corbett against Fitzsimmons? I can't see any chance at all for the latter winning. If you cannot see any chance for Fitzsimmons to win you had better bet your money. People who know more about fistic affairs than you do don't think it a cinch for either man.

W. A. P., Sarinam, D. G.—Result of the following fight: Frank Erne and Geo. Dixon, Tommy Ryan and Billy Smith, Kid Lavigne and Jack Everhardt and Walcott and Tom Tracy? Did not fight. 2. Draw. 3. Lavigne. 4. Walcott. They must have been in a trance for several months or else you don't read the Police Gazette regularly.

A. W., New York.—Kindly inform me if there is any challenge for heavy lifting in this country and what are the conditions? I understand that there has been a challenge by one Jefferson. Louis Cyr is the holder of the "Police Gazette" trophy, emblematic of the championship, and is open to receive challenges. Jefferson never qualified for a match.

W., Memphis, Tenn.—A opens a jack pot, B stays. A calls for two cards but is dealt three. Receives them. B throws his hand to the deck and says that is good. A shows down six cards with openers. All hands gone to the deck except the foul hand. What becomes of the pot and the opening money? All money is withdrawn and the pot is played over again.

J. L., Danbury, Conn.—A B C D play a game of crib; A and C are partners; A leads an 8 spot; B plays a 7 for 15; C plays a 3, makes 18; D plays a 4, makes 22; A plays a 5, makes 27 for a run of 3; B can't play; C can't play; D then plays a 4 for 31, and a run of 3 for 5 holes. A says there is no run, D says there is. There is no run. The three last cards are 4-5-6.

J. M. T., Bainbridge, Ga.—Which are the largest American racing stakes? 2. What stakes did Castaway II. win in 1891 or 1892? 3. What was the total amount of earnings to the owner? 4. What were the odds given on this race? 5. Who owned Castaway then, and who now owns him? 1. The Futurity and Realization. 2. Brooklyn Handicap. 3. About \$20,000. 4. 20 to 1. 5. Walcott & Campbell. Probably A. F. Walcott.

W. A. M., Martinsburg, Ia.—In a game of ball there is a man on first and a man on second; the man on first runs to second and touches the base, and then goes back to first not forced from the bat; can either man be put out while on the base, first or second, by putting the ball on them? 1. A man on second base; a foul fly is caught and thrown wild to second. Can runner touch second and then run to third before pitcher gets the ball and in position? Certainly in each instance.

Onwards, Salt Lake City.—I have just read a review on English horse racing in which the writer says in 1862 Marquis and Buckstone ran for the Doncaster St. Leger and that Buckstone won, but a mistake was made in holding Marquis' number first but was afterward altered. I saw the race and left the course under the impression that Marquis won. The records credit Marquis with the victory.

The opinion is growing among baseball cranks that the National League is badly in need of Tim Hurst and Tim Lynch on the staff of umpires.

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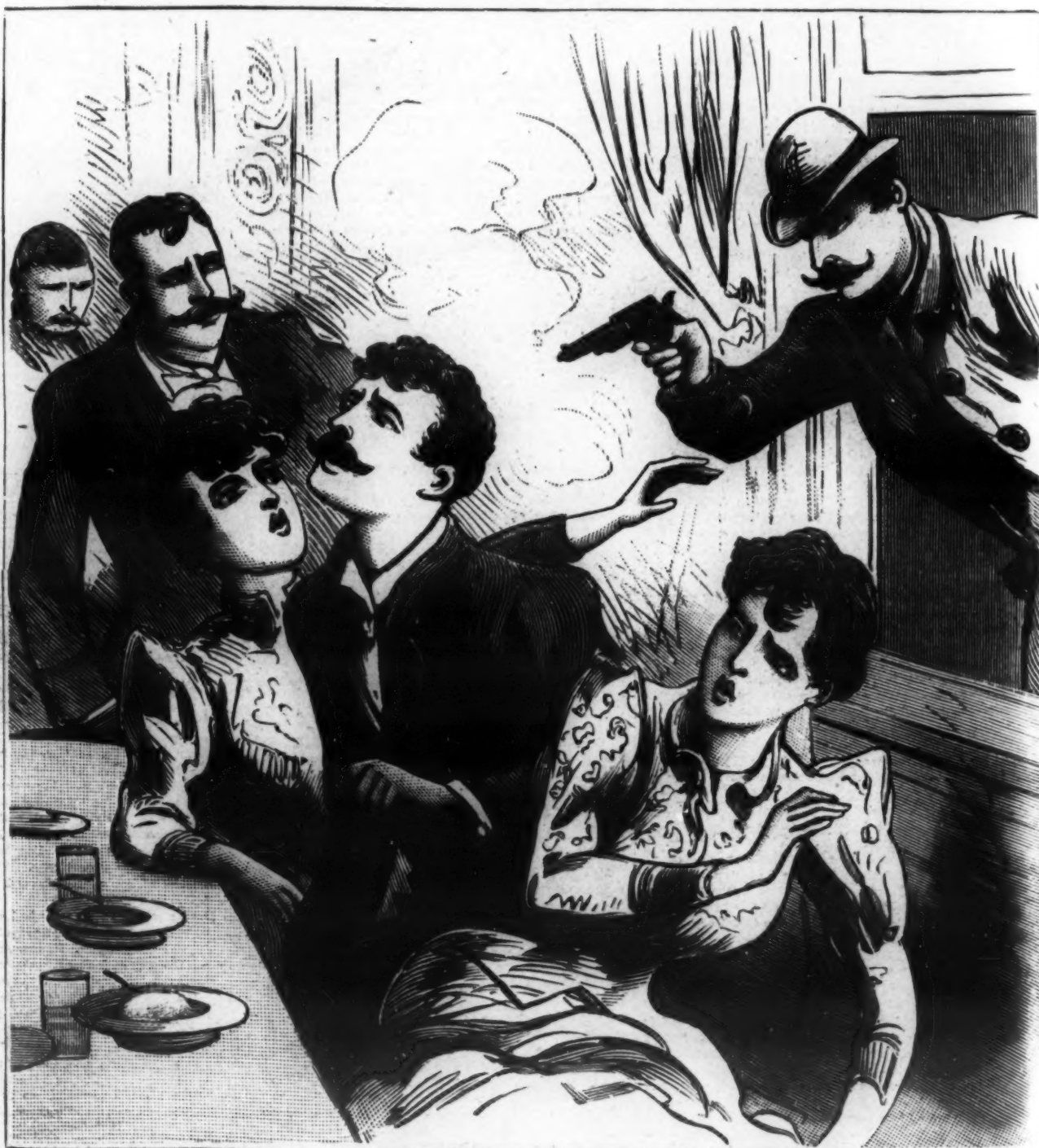
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A MASHER COMES TO GRIEF.

AN ANGRY FATHER IN LEXINGTON, KY., TEACHES A MAN NOT TO TRIFLE WITH THE AFFECTIONS OF HIS PRETTY SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER.



SHOT AN INNOCENT

INSANE ACT OF JEALOUS CALVARY TIPON, OF JLN RIDGE, O., WHO THOUGHT SCHOOL-TEACHER JOHN WILLS, THE VICTIM, WAS HIS WIFE'S LOVER.



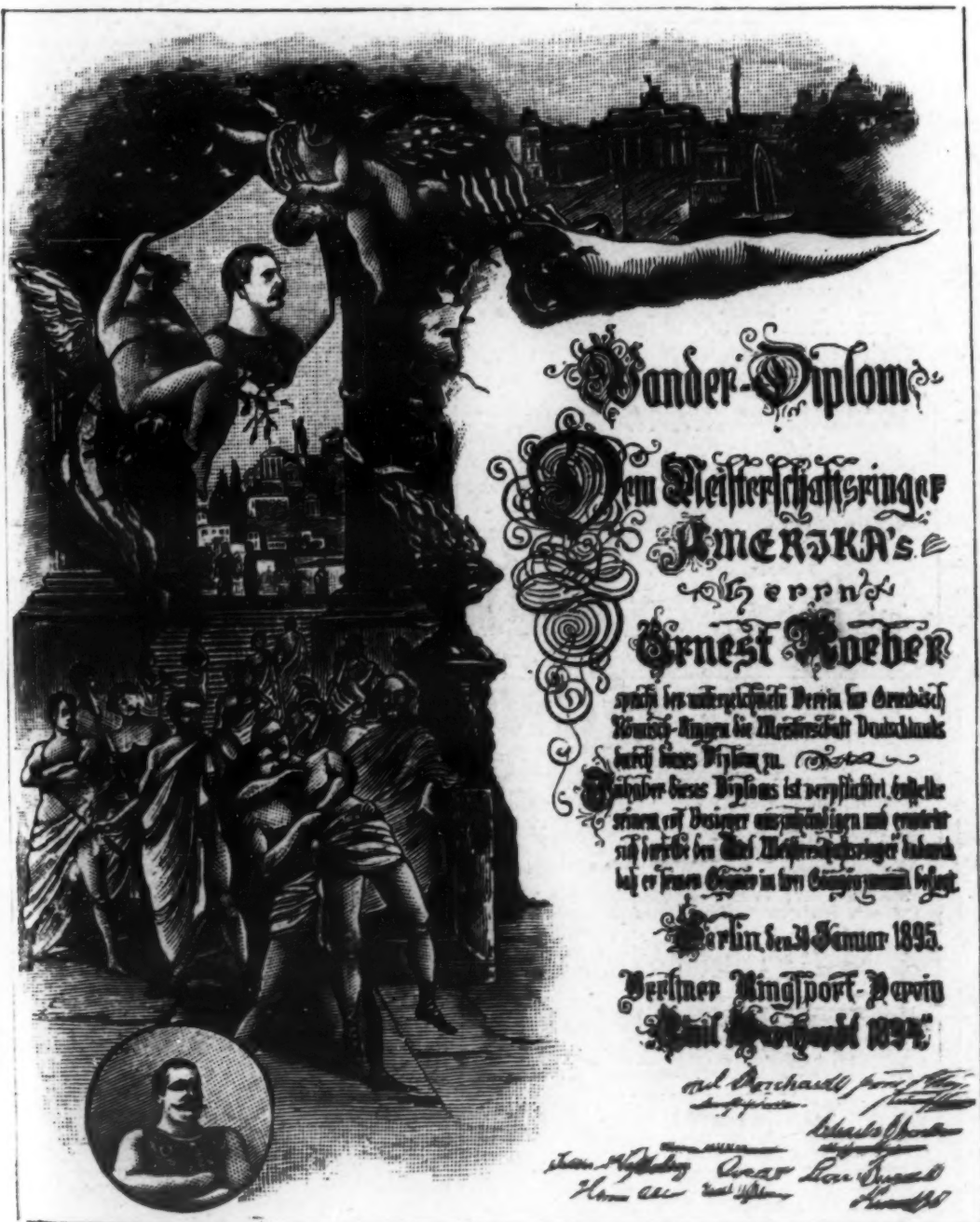
ALF GREENFIELD.

DIED JULY 9, IN AN INSANE ASYLUM NEAR BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.
TWICE BOXED WITH JOHN L. SULLIVAN.



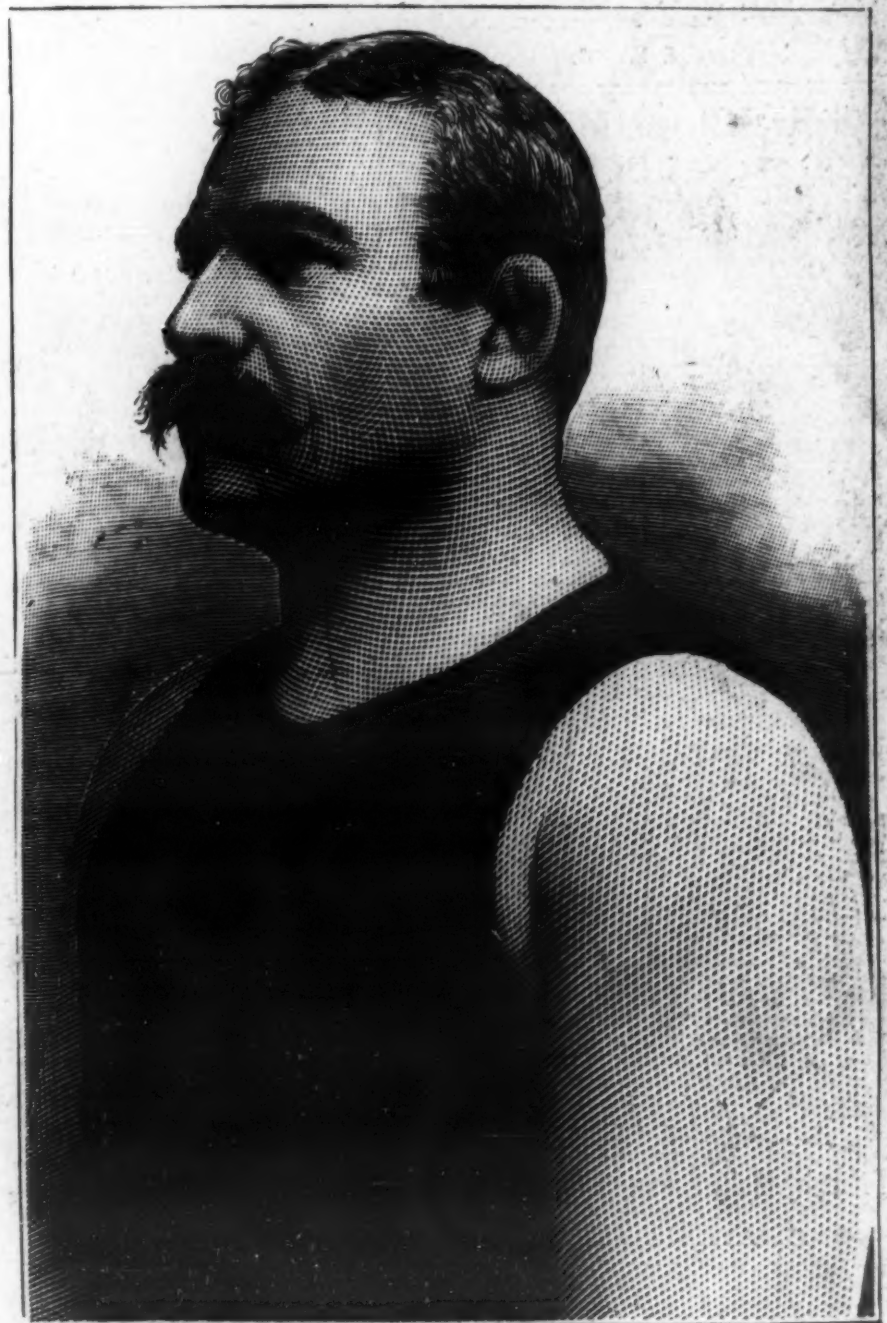
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THE VALUABLE AND WELL-MERITED CHALLENGE TROPHY PRESENTED TO
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Charles H. Dean of Savannah, Ga., Whose Singing has Made Him Famous.



Perhaps one of the most versatile colored minstrels who entertain audiences is Charles H. Dean of Savannah, Ga. He has a magnificent voice and has scored a hit in his own company.

ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that I written to confidentially, I will mail, in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts.

I have no scheme to extort money from any one whomsoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but, thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no money. Address

JAR. A. HARRIS,
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How to acquire and retain it. How to remove Pimples, Wrinkles, Freckles and Superfluous Hair; to Increase or Reduce Flesh; to Color the Hair and Beautify the Complexion. A book of interest to every lady. Mailed (sealed) on application to Madame Lautier, 233 W. 52d St., N. Y. City.

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A VERY useful invention for Man or Woman. Sample sent (sealed) 25 cents. Two for 40 cents. **RUBBER SPECIALTY CO.**, (Box A), Oswego, N. Y.

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Ruling

Passion

A Highly Sensational and Brilliant Story, from the French of **DE NERVAL**.

SPICILY ILLUSTRATED.

Price by Mail, Securely Wrapped, 50c.

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Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Syphilis permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for the same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have sores and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Syphilitic **POISON** that we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proof sent sealed on application. Address **COOK REMEDY CO.**, 907 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

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SELF-ABUSE AND SHRUNKEN ORGANS.

FREE PRESCRIPTION.

I will gladly send to any man, the **RECEIPT**, with full directions sealed, **FREE**, which cured me of **SEXUAL WEAKNESS**, Night Losses, Nervousness, Small, Weak Parts, Self-Abuse, etc. Address **THOMAS SLATER**, Box 930, Kalamazoo, Mich. Shipper Famous Celery.

MEN FREE BY MAIL. Guaranteed cure. For Abuse, Emissions, Lost Manhood, Shrunk Organs, Varicocele, etc. Send stamp. **WILTON REMEDY COMPANY**, 902 Pontiac Building, Chicago, Ill.

DOCUTA OIL OF SANDALWOOD Capsules arrest at once Discharges from the Urinary Organs, and Cure in 7 Days Severest Cases of Gonorrhea. All Druggists.

FREE! I WILL SEND (SEALED) free, a receipt that will develop Small Shrunk Parts, which cured me of Self-Abuse, Nightly Emissions, etc. Address **C. H. MULLER**, Box 901, Kalamazoo, Mich.



WOMAN'S WICKEDNESS.

No. 19 Fox's Sensational Series.

A story from actual life, dealing with the Frailty and Vanity of a Lovely, Passionate, but Wicked Woman, by **Georges Ohnet**.

Price by mail, securely wrapped, 50c.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,

Franklin Square, New York.

To Advertisers

In a letter from Mr. H. L. Kramer, the well-known advertiser of No-To-Bac, addressed to Mr. W. W. Brett, the popular advertisement writer of this city, and which appeared in *Printers' Ink*, dated July 10, occurs the following, which will be of much interest to advertisers who are now preparing their fall and winter ads:

"I have made careful experiments with my advertising in religious publications and compared the returns from them with the returns from the **POLICE GAZETTE**. One would naturally suppose that if there is any class of people on the face of the earth who would want to be benefited morally and physically by relieving themselves of the tobacco habit, a course which would harmonize with all the beliefs and teachings, the religious crowd would be the ones. The results from advertising to them is 'nit' as compared with the returns received from the **POLICE GAZETTE** crowd."

Friday Morning,
July 19th.

The time for receiving orders
and copy for,

GRAND MIDSUMMER
SUPPLEMENT NUMBER

Has been extended to Friday
Morning, July 19.

Hurry up or you will lose this]

GREAT ISSUE.

Everybody will want to see
the Twentieth Century Girl in a
new role. Do not miss this

BIG ISSUE.

PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

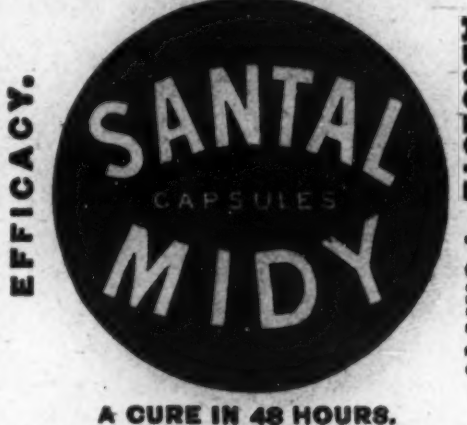
WEAKNESS OF MEN

QUICKLY, THOROUGHLY, FOREVER CURED



by a new perfected scientific method that cannot fail unless the case is beyond human aid. You feel improved the first day; feel a benefit every day; soon know yourself a king among men in body, mind and heart. Drainage and loss ended. Every obstacle to happy married life removed. Nerve force, will, energy, brain power, when failing or lost are restored by this treatment. All small and weak portions of body enlarged and strengthened. Victims of abuse and excess, reclaim your manhood! Sufferers from folly, overwork, early errors, ill health, regain your vigor! Don't despair, even if in the last stages. Don't be disheartened if quacks have robbed you. Let us show you medical science and business honor still exist; go hand in hand, sent sealed, free. Over 5000 references. Address **ERIE MEDICAL CO.**, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Superior to Copalins, Culebs & Injections.



EFFICACY.

ABSOLUTE PURITY.

A CURE IN 48 HOURS.



CURES QUICKER Than any other remedy. Tarrant's Extract of Cubes and Copalins is a safe, certain and quick cure for gonorrhea and gleet and is an old-tried remedy for all diseases of the urinary organs. Combining in a highly concentrated form the medicinal virtues of cubes and copalins, its portable shape, freedom from taste and speedy action (curing in less time than any other preparation) make it the most valuable known remedy. To prevent fraud, see that every package has a red strip across the face of label, with the signature of Tarrant & Co., N. Y., upon it. Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

GEDNEY'S SANDAL PEARLS

Cures Gonorrhea and Gleet in 2 to 3 days. A safe, speedy, permanent cure. No bad after effects. Prescribed by leading Doctors. Hospitals' favorite remedy. Circular free. For 75 cents, one bottle of 40 Pearls, by mail Postpaid, 3 bottles, \$2. All druggists. **J. W. GEDNEY**, 303 East 58th St., New York.

A POSITIVE RADICAL CURE FOR STRICTURE. New Method, Home Treatment. Gleet, Mucous Discharges, Loss of Power, Sticking of Urine, Obstruction in the Passage, Irritation and Prostatic Enlargement CURED. No operation. No rest. Certain cure. Book Free. **EMPIRE MED. CO.**, 33 Smith Building, Boston, Mass.

WEAK MEN

Instant Relief. Cure in 15 days. Never returns. I will gladly send to any sufferer in a plain sealed envelope **FREE** a prescription with full directions for a quick, private cure for Lost Manhood, Night Losses, Nervous Debility, Small Weak Parts, Varicocele, etc. I also have the medicines for sale. Address **G. B. Wright**, Box 1301, Marshall, Mich.

DRUNKENNESS is a DISEASE it can be cured by administering **Dr. Haines' Golden Specific**. It can be given without the knowledge of the patient, if desired, in coffee, tea or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for circulars. **GOLDENSPECIFIC CO.**, 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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IF MARRIED or about to be read? *Nature's* for either sex 112 pages 16 illustrations—10c. colorings—sent sealed. **LEE & CO.**, Kansas City, Mo.

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THREE GREAT PICTURES!

Corbett-Jackson, Corbett-Mitchell and Corbett-Fitzsimmons in Fighting attitudes. Three Handsome Chromo Lithographs, printed in 12 Rich Colors, size each 16x23 inches. Suitable for Framing for Hotels, Saloons, Cafes, Tonsorial Parlors, Club Rooms, etc. Only 10 cents each, or the three striking pictures sent by mail to any address, neatly rolled in a tube, on receipt of 25 cents, by **RICHARD K. FOX**, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

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PHOTOGRAPHED AS THEY

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The Choicest and Largest Collection of Cabinet Photos in the world.

PRICE ONLY TEN CENTS EACH,

Three for 25 cents, Six for 50 cents, Twelve for \$1.00.

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Loie Fuller, costume
Mile Prince, bust
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M'lie Germaine, tights
Agnes Hewitt, tights
Ella Moore, tights
Koko, costume

Lizalie Raymond, tights
Ida Siddons, bust
Florence Thorpe, tights
Kate Uart, tights
Irene Verana, tights
Blanche Walsh, costume
Yucca, tights
Washburn Sisters, tights
Carrie Andrews, tights
Maud Boyd, bust
Corinne, tights and bust
Hattie DeJaro, tights
Camille D'Arville, tights
Mary Anderson, cost & bust
Lottie Gilson, tights
Marie Tempest, costume
Levy Sisters, tights
Mrs. Brown Potter, cost & bust
Rose Coghlan, bust
Sarah Bernhardt, costume
Estelle Clayton, costume
Mile. Nita, tights
Minnie Palmer, costume
Isabella Uquhart, costume
Clara Qualls, tights
Mabel Guyer, tights
May Howard, tights
Sylvia Gerrish, tights
Sylvia Gray, tights
Verona Jarboan, tights
Pauline Markham, tights



Isabella Irving, costume
Ellie Jeffreys, bust
Sadie Kirby, tights
M'lie Almee, tights
Ada Rehan, bust
Cad Wilson, tights
Fannie Rice tights,
M'lie Ella, tights
Nellie Fox, tights
Marie Jansen, costume
Fanny Ward, tights
Lydia Thompson, tights
Eva Stetson, tights

Clay Fitzgerald, tights
Polly Holmes, tights
May Jordan, costume
Babette Rodney, tights
Selbina Sisters, tights
Clara Terry, costume
Germaine Umar, bust
Miss Valion, tights
Carrie Wilson, tights
Mile. Zittella, tights
Isabelle Coe, costume
Madge Alphabet, tights
Otero, costume
Louise Montague, tights
Madge Lesing, costume
Modjeska, costume
Lidie Linde, tights
Mile. Fougere, costume
Carmencita, costume
Marion Manola, tights
Fay Templeton, tights
Jennie McNulty, tights & bust
Rose Newham, cost & bust
Ellen Passmore, tights
Virginia Earle, tights
Nina Farrington, tights
Flo Henderson, tights
Jennie Joyce, tights and cost
Mollie Fuller, cost and tights
Patti, bust
Cora Tanner, bust
Fanny Davenport, bust

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Buy our Oxford Road Bicycle, suit-
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You can now grasp a fortune. A new
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Book free. Geo. R. Fuller,
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Playing cards, dice, etc.; 21 years
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taken. Address **W. H. BUI-
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COLORED SUPPLEMENT
OUT NEXT WEEK
THURSDAY JULY 25
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BAR-MAID
A TRIUMPH IN COLOR

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These supposedly incurable weaknesses are positively
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THE REMEDY IS ELECTRICITY. Medicines will
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be felt by the wearer through all weak parts or we for-
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Large book, full of proof, free by mail. Send to choice
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potency in the first stage. It is a symptom of seminal
weakness and barrenness. It can be stopped in 20 days
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The new discovery was made by the Specialists of
the old famous Hudson Medical Institute. It is the strong-
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Learn the grand truth of health, make yourself a man
again by using the **Californian** remedy. You can only
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MAY RECEIVE

MEDICINE FREE

UNTIL CURED.

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Seminal Weakness, Varicocele, Losses, etc. We send
MEDICINE FREE BY MAIL until cured.
No matter how severe the case. Thousands cured
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TO SEXUALLY WEAK MEN.

I will gladly send to my fellow man, the
RECIPT, absolutely FREE in PLAIN, SEALED,
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SHRUNKEN ORGANS, which was the result of
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Our "Broom" makes old men YOUNG, and
young men STRONG. Balances the parts,
restores youthful vitality, makes life worth
living. Acts instantly. Will not injure. Cannot fail.
Nothing like it. **Dr. C. Q. D. BUBB, Illustrated**
Circular FREE. **DAVIS & TAGGART, Akron, Ohio.**

FRENCH SAFEQUARD.

Sure preventive
from Gonorrhea,
Syphilis, etc.; twenty-five treatments, 50c. Sent sealed
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LOST MANHOOD, NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Emissions stopped. Cure guaranteed. By mail, \$1 per
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A NEW PAT'D INSTRUMENT. **CHEAP, NEVER FAILS.** Send
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One of the Spiciest
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\$100 FORFEIT

If it does not cure
the effects of Self-Abuse, Early Excesses, Emis-
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Face, etc. Enlargements Certain. I will send
the Recipe of a never failing cure. All
letters in plain, sealed envelope. Ad-
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FREE PRESCRIPTION for the

Small, Weak, Sexual Organs when caused by
SELF-ABUSE OR SEXUAL EXCESSES.

I will gladly send to any man, the RECIPT, with
full directions sealed, FREE, which cured me of
SEXUAL WEAKNESS, Night Losses, Nervousness,
Small Weak Parts, Self-Abuse, etc. Address,
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We send the marvelous French
Remedy **CALTHOS** free, and a
legal guarantee that **CALTHOS** will
STOP Discharges & Emissions,
CURE Nervousness, Varicocele
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Use it and pay if satisfied.
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also a GUARANTEE, stating if
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